

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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No. 102.—VOL. IV.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

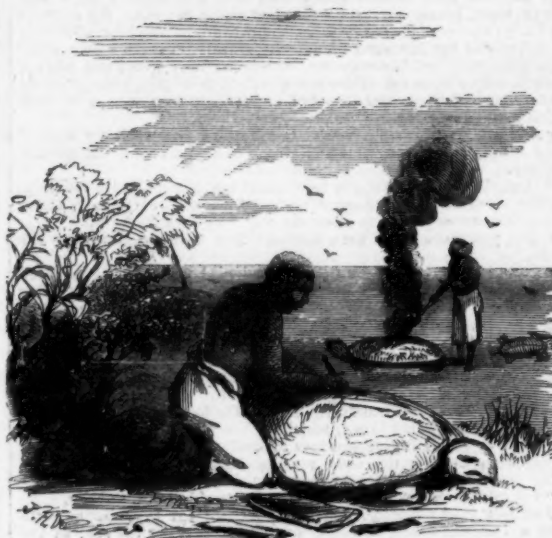
[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

HOW TURTLES ARE CAUGHT.

No dish is more esteemed by epicures, and by name is more familiar with the people, than turtle soup. It seems to be admitted by all persons who keep "eating-houses," whether high or low, that a turtle's shell, as a sign indicating "turtle soup," is the most attractive symbol that can be used, addressing itself to every class of consumers, and suggesting an appetite not only for the thing itself, but also for any other viand that may be presented for sale. By some association not easily explained turtle is connected with the government administration of all large cities, and it is a singular fact that in the "good old times," when men were honest and administered public affairs with advantage to their constituents and not themselves, that green turtle fat seems to have been a liberal ingredient of their diet, and that just in proportion as they became plethoric, sleepy and devoid of intellect, just in that proportion they became unselfish and patriotic. The abandonment of turtle has no doubt done much to corrupt our modern city fathers, and this grievous oversight, joined with the selection of thin, cadaverous-looking men, has run our city officials, with rare exceptions, into mere speculators, rowdies, and fellows, who, under the turtle administrations, would have been in the Tombs instead of occupying honored seats at the Aldermanic board.

The turtle and the tortoise are almost identical. They differ in this, that the turtle rarely comes upon land, while the tortoise seems to be quite indifferent as to whether it is on the land or in the water. The green tortoise is the kind chiefly used for food, and is found in great numbers on the coasts of all the islands and continents of the torrid zone. The shoals which line these coasts are covered with marine plants, and in these water pastures, which are near enough to the surface to be readily seen by the naked eye in calm weather, a prodigious number of animals, mostly amphibious, feed, and among these are multitudes of tortoises. Dampier, an old voyager, describing the island of Galli-

pagos, says, "there are good wide channels between these islands, where grows plenty of turtle grass, and therefore are crowded with turtle."



THE MANNER PRACTISED BY THE INDIANS OF THE "MOSQUITO COAST" TO REMOVE THE SHELL FROM THE BUCKLER OF THE SEA TURTLE.

The tortoise is protected both on the back and belly by a hollow shield, closed together at the sides, leaving openings at each end for the issuing of the animal's head, feet and tail. The upper

shield is termed the back plate, or buckler; the lower shield, the breast plate. The middle of the buckler of most turtles is covered by numerous pieces of shell, quite familiar from the beautiful ornaments it is wrought into, in the shape of muff-boxes, card-cases and combs. The feet of the marine tortoise are much larger than those of the land, and their toes are united by a membrane, so that they swim with great facility. The jaws of the mouth are not garnished with teeth, but the jawbones are very hard and rough, which enables the animal to eat not only coarse sea-grasses, but to crush clams and other hard shell substances. The logger-headed tortoise, which is famous for its hard biting, we have known to crush up a gun-barrel which an inconsiderate sportsman had thrust into its mouth.

The green tortoise attains an enormous size and weight; some individuals measure six or seven feet in length from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, by three or four feet in width, weighing from eight to nine hundred pounds. One was once caught at Port Royal, in the Bay of Campeachy, that was four feet through and six feet wide. A boy nine years of age had no difficulty in getting into the hollow of the shell.

When the season approaches for the turtle to lay its eggs, it abandons its sea haunts and comes on shore, always in the night, where the female deposits its eggs in the sand, her nature teaching her that the heat of the tropics will bring them to life. With her fore feet she digs one or two holes, a foot or two deep, in which she deposits one or two hundred eggs; these are round, about two inches in diameter, and are covered with a membrane instead of a shell. The female makes her deposits two or three times a year, at intervals of a fortnight or three weeks between each time. Only a particular kind of sand will answer for the nests, and to find this desirable commodity the animal will sometimes travel eight or nine hundred miles. The young are hatched out in less than thirty days, and when a little over a week old start for the sea. Comparatively few reach their place of destination, as



THE FISHERS OF THE MARIANA ISLANDS ENGAGED IN SECURING A CAPTIVE OF GREEN TURTLE.

the greater number fall a prey to sea-fowl and animals that lie in wait. The tiger is remarkably fond of them, but the Indians of Orinoco make it an especial business to gather these eggs, which serve them for food.

Our beautiful large engraving represents the manner in which the marine tortoises are caught on the coast of Cuba, and at places on the South American continent. It is the custom of the sailors in search of the turtle to watch for the female as she goes on shore to deposit her eggs, and in spite of the night and her efforts at concealment, she very seldom escapes. The fishers are particularly successful on moonlight nights, and when the poor creatures are come up with, they are either dispatched with a club or turned quickly on their backs before they have time to defend themselves, or blind their antagonists by throwing sand in their eyes. When very large, it requires several men, and the use of handspikes and levers, to turn a turtle over. The marine turtle is so fat and its buckler so flat, that once on its back it cannot recover the use of its feet and escape.

A gang of fishers will turn over forty or fifty turtles in three hours; the remainder of the time until sundown is occupied in securing those that have been caught. The flesh and eggs are sometimes, for ship use, salted like beef; the oil which is extracted while it is fresh is used for cooking, and for burning in lamps when it becomes rancid. Sometimes the tortoises are dragged by horses into enclosures, and kept for any length of time for future use. The tortoise gatherers of the West Indies generally complete their cargoes in six weeks or two months; they then dispose of their wealth in various ways, sometimes ships coming to the United States, and sometimes vessels bound for Europe, make heavy purchases. It is in this way that turtle becomes comparatively common in all large commercial cities.

The green turtle is sometimes, on moonlight nights, caught at sea in calm weather. To accomplish this, two men take a small boat, which is rowed by one while the other watches with a harpoon. If a tortoise is come up with floating near the surface of the sea, their presence is known by the bubbles which rise to the surface; the harpooner immediately throws his instrument at a venture, and if successful penetrates the buckler. The tortoise, as is the case with the whale, instantly dives, and the fisher lets out the line which is attached to the harpoon; when the wounded animal is exhausted with its efforts to escape, it is without difficulty hauled on board of the boat and thus secured.

We find in "Waikua," a book recently published giving an account of the "Mosquito shore," the latest information regarding sea turtles, from which we condense the following interesting facts:

"During the night time the turtles crawled up on the shore, and the females dug holes in the sand each about two feet deep, in which they deposited from sixty to eighty eggs. These they contrived to cover so neatly as to defy the curiosity of those unacquainted with their habits. Both Antonio and Frank, however, were familiar with turtle craft, and got as many eggs as we desired. When roasted they are really delicious. During the night they kept themselves concealed in the bushes, and rushed out on the turtles, turned them on their backs, when they became powerless and incapable of moving. The day following they dragged them to the most distant part of the island, where they 'shelled' them—a cruel process which made my flesh creep to witness. What is called tortoise-shell is not, as is generally supposed, the bony covering, but the scales which cover it. These are thirteen in number, eight of them flat and five a little curved. Of the flat scales four are large, being sometimes a foot long and seven inches broad, semi-transparent, elegantly variegated, with white, red, yellow and dark clouds, which are fully brought out when the shell is polished. A large tortoise furnishes eight pounds of shell. The fishes do not kill the turtles; did they do so they would in a few years exterminate them. When the turtle is caught, they fasten him down, cover his back with dry leaves, and set them on fire; the heat causes the shell to separate at the joints, a large knife is then carefully inserted horizontally beneath them, and the shell is lifted off the back. Many turtles die under the operation, but instances have occurred when they have been caught a second time with the shell reproduced, but in this case the shell instead of being in thirteen is in one piece."

He describes the spearing of turtles, alluded to by old Dampier, as follows: "After starting in a small boat and paddling about an hour or two, an object was discovered which was at first taken for a rock; it was nevertheless a turtle floating lazily on the water. Notwithstanding the caution of our approach the turtle sank, and the paddler instantly brought the boat over the spot where the animal had disappeared, and he could be seen swiftly sliding downward. The water was not deep enough for the turtle to get entirely out of sight, and the art was to keep the boat over the turtle and await his coming to the surface to breathe. In about a half hour the turtle gradually rose towards the surface and was struck with a harpoon; the poor animal struggled a moment and then gave up. Upon taking him ashore he proved to be of the 'hawk bill variety,' inferior to the green turtle for food, but superior on account of the shells."

"At nightfall the fishers had a feast on turtle steaks, turtle flippers, and callipash and callipee, in fact, turtle in every form known to Mosquito men; and Harris, the hero, became so elated that he promised to show, the first opportunity, the great feat of 'turtle jumping.' This dangerous sport was pursued as follows. After floating about a long time a turtle was finally discovered in very deep water, upon which Harris made a sudden dive overboard. The water boiled and bubbled for a few moments, when he reappeared holding a fine hawk-bill in his outstretched hands; this feat is what is called 'jumping turtles.' It often happens that bungling fishermen get badly bitten in these attempts, which are not without their dangers, from the sharp coral rocks, spiny sea eggs, and the nipping bills of the turtles themselves."

DAVENPORT DUNN:

A MAN OF OUR DAY.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LORREQUER," &c., &c.

Published exclusively in these columns, from advance sheets, simultaneously with its issue in London.

CHAPTER XV.—A HOME SCENE.

WHEN Paul Kellett described Mr. Davenport Dunn's almost triumphal entry into Dublin, he doubtless fancied in his mind the splendors that awaited him at home; the troops of servants in smart liveries, the homage of his household, and the costly entertainment which certainly should celebrate his arrival. Public rumor had given to the hospitalities of that house a wide-spread fame. The fashionable fishmonger of the capital, his Excellency's "purveyor" of game, the celebrated Italian warehouse, all proclaimed him their best customer. "Can't let you have that turbot, sir, till I hear from Mr. Dunn." "Only two pheasants to be had, sir, and ordered for Mr. Dunn." "The white truffles only taken by one gentleman in town. None but Mr. Dunn would pay the price." The culinary traditions of his establishment threw the Castle into the background, and Kellett revelled in the notion of the great festivity that now welcomed his return. "Lords and earls—the biggest salmon in the market—the first men of the land—and lobster sauce—ancient names and good families—with grouse, and 'Sneyd's Twenty-one'—that's what you may call life! It is wonderful, wonderful!" Now, when Paul enunciated the word "wonderful" in

this sense, he meant it to imply shameful, distressing, and very melancholy for the prospects of humanity generally. And then he amused himself by speculating whether Dunn liked it all—whether the unaccustomed elegance of these great dinners did not distress and pain him rather than give pleasure, and whether the very consciousness of his own low origin wasn't a poison that mingled in every cup he tasted.

"It's no use talking," muttered he to himself; "a man must be bred to it, like everything else. The very servants behind his chair frighten him; he's, maybe, eating with his knife, or he's putting salt where he ought to put sugar, or he doesn't take the right kind of wine with his meat. Beecher says he'd know any fellow just by that, and then it's 'all up' with him. Wonderful, wonderful!"

How would it have effected these speculations had Kellett known that, while he was indulging them, Dunn had quietly issued by a back door from his house, and, having engaged a car, set out towards Clontarf? A drearier drive of a dreary evening none need wish for. Occasional showers were borne on the gusty wind, swooping past as though hurrying to some elemental congress far away, while along the shore the waves beat with that irregular splash that betokens wild weather at sea. The fitful moonlight rather heightened than diminished the dismal aspect of the scenery. For miles the bleak strand stretched away, no headland nor even a hillock marking the coast; the spectral gable of a ruined church being the only object visible against the leaden sky. Little garlands of paper, the poor tributes of the very poor, decorated the graves and the headstones, and, as they rustled in the night wind, sounded like ghostly whisperings. The driver piously crossed himself as they passed the "uncanny" spot, but Dunn took no heed of it. To wrap his cloak tighter about him, to shelter more closely beneath his umbrella, were all that the dreary scene exacted from him; and except when a vivid flash of lightning made the horse swerve from the road and dash down into the rough shingle of the strand, he never adverted to the way or the weather.

"What's this—where are we going?" cried he, impatiently.

"'Tis the flash that frightened the beast, yer honner," said the man; "and, if it was plazin' to you, I'd rather turn back again."

"Turn back—where to?"

"To town, yer honner."

"Nothing of the kind; drive on, and quickly too. We have five miles yet before us, and it will be midnight ere we get over them at this rate."

Sulkily and unwillingly did he obey; and, turning from the shore, they entered upon a low, sandy road that traversed a wide and dreary tract, barely elevated a few feet above the sea. By degrees the little patches of grass and fern disappeared, and nothing stretched on either side but low sand hummocks, scantily covered with rushes. Sea-shells crackled beneath the wheels as they went, and after a while the deep booming of the sea, thundering heavily along a sandy shore, apprised them that they had crossed the narrow neck of land which divided two bays.

"Are you quite certain you've taken the right road, my man?" cried Dunn, as he observed something like hesitation in the other's manner.

"It ought to be somewhere here about we turn off," said the man, getting down to examine more accurately from beneath. "There was a little cross put up to show the way, but I don't see it."

"But you have been here before. You told me you knew the place."

"I was here onst, and, by the same token, I swore I'd never come again. I lamed the best mare I ever put a collar on, dragging through this deep sand. Wirra, wirra! why the blazes wouldn't he live where other Christians do? There it is now; I see a light. Ah! bother them, it's out again."

Pushing forward as well as he might in the direction he had seen the light, he floundered heavily on, the wheels sinking nearly to the axles, and the horse stumbling at every step.

"Your horse is worth nothing, my good fellow; he hasn't strength to keep his legs," said Dunn, angrily.

"Good or bad, I'll give you lave to broil me on a gridiron if ever ye catch me coming the same road again. Ould Dunn won't have much company if he waits for me to bring them."

"I'll take good care not to tempt you!" said Dunn, angrily.

And now they plodded on in moody silence till they issued forth upon a little flat space, bounded on three sides by the sea, in the midst of which a small two-storied house stood, defended from the sea by a rough stone breakwater that rose above the lower windows.

"There it is now, back luck to it!" said the carman, savagely, for his horse was so completely exhausted that he was obliged to walk at his head and lift him at every step.

"You may remain here till I want you," said Dunn, getting down and plodding his way through the heavy sand. Flakes of frothy seadrift swept past him as he went, and the wild wind carried the spray far inland in heavy showers, beating against the walls and windows of the lonely house, and making the slates rattle. A low wall of large stones across the door showed that all entrance by that means was denied; and Dunn turned towards the back of the house, where, sheltered by the low wall, a small door was detectable. He knocked several times at this before any answer was returned. When, at last, a harsh voice from within called out,

"Don't ye hear who it is? Confound ye! Open the door at once!" and Dunn was admitted into a large kitchen, where in a great straw chair beside the fire was seated the remains of a once powerful man, and who, although nearly ninety years of age, still preserved a keen eye, a searching look, and a quick impatience of manner rarely observable at his age.

"Well, father, how are you?" said Dunn, taking him affectionately by both hands, and looking kindly in his face.

"Hearty—stout and hearty," said the old man. "When did you arrive?"

"A couple of hours ago. I did not wait for anything but a biscuit and a glass of wine, when I set out here to see you. And you are well?"

"Just as you see: an odd pain or so across the back, and a swimming of the head—a kind of giddiness now and then, that's all. Put the light over there till I have a look at you. You're thinner, Davy, a deal thinner, than when you went away."

"I have nothing the matter with me; a little tired or so, that's all," said Dunn, hastily. "And how are things doing here, father, since I left?"

"There's little to speak of," said the old man. "There never is much doing at this season of the year. You heard, of course, that Gogarty has lost his suit; they're moving for a new trial, but they won't get it. Lanty Moore can't pay up the rest of the purchase for Slanestown, and I told Hanks to buy it in. Kelly's murderer was taken on Friday last, near Kilbride, and offers to tell, God knows what, if they won't hang him; and Sir Gilbert North is to be the new Secretary, if, as the *Evening Mail* says, Mr. Davenport Dunn concurs in the appointment"—and here the old man laughed till his eyes ran over. "That's all the news, Davy, of the last week; and now tell me yours. The papers said you were dining with kings and queens, and driving about in royal coaches all over the Continent. Was it true, Davy?"

"You got my letters, of course, father."

"Yes; and I couldn't make out the names, they were all new and strange to me. I want to have from yourself what like the people are—are they as hard-working, are they as 'cute as our own? There's just two things now in the world, coal and industry, sorta more than that. And so you dined with the King of France?"

"With the Emperor, father. I dined twice; he took me over to Fontainebleau and made me stay the day."

"You could tell him many a thing he'd never hear from another, Davy; you could explain to him what's doing here, and how he might imitate it over there—rooting out the old vermin and getting new stock in the land—eh, Davy?"

"He needs no counsels, at least from such as me," said Dunn.

"Faith, he might have worse, far worse. An Encumbered Estate Court would do all his work for him well, and the dirty word 'Confiscation' need never be uttered!"

"He knows the road he wants to go," said Dunn, curtly.

"So he may, but that doesn't prove it's the best way."

"Whichever path he takes he'll tread it firmly, father, and that's more than half the battle. If you only saw what a city he has made Paris—"

"That's just what I don't like. What's the good of beautifying, and gilding, or ornamenting what you're going to riddle with grape and smash with round shot. It's like dressing a sweep in a field-marshal's uniform. And we all know where it will be to-morrow or next day."

"That we don't, sir. You're not aware that these spacious thoroughfares, these wide squares, these extended terraces, are so contrived that columns may march and manoeuvre in them, squadrons charge, and great artillery act through them. The proudest temples of that splendid city serve as bastions, the great Louvre itself is less a palace than a fortress."

"Ay, ay, ay," cackled the old man, to whom these revelations opened a new vista for thought. "But what's the use of it after all, Davy; he must trust somebody, and when it comes to that with anybody in life where's his security, tell me that? But let us talk about home. Is it true the Ministry is going out?"

"They're safer than ever; take my word for it, father, that these fellows know the trick of it better than all that went before them. They'll just do whatever the nation and the *Times* dictate to them—a little slower, mayhap, than they are ordered, but they'll do it. They have no embarrassments of a policy of any kind, and the only pretence of a principle they possess is, to sit on the Treasury benches."

"And they're right, Davy—they're right," said the old man, energetically.

"I don't doubt but they are, sir; the duty of the pilot is to take charge of the ship, but not to decide the port she sails for."

"I wish you were one of them, Davy; they'd suit you and you'd suit them."

"So we should, sir; and who knows what may turn up. I'm not impatient."

"That's right, Davy; that's the lesson I always taught you; wait—wait!"

"When did you see Driscoll, father?" asked Dunn, after a pause.

"He was here last week; he's up to his ears about that claim to the Beecher estate, Lord—Lord—What's his name?"

"Lackington."

"Yes, Lord Lackington. He says if you were once come home, you'd get him leave to search the papers in the Record Tower at the Castle, and that it would be the making of himself if anything came out of it."

"He's always mare's nesting, sir," said Dunn, carelessly.

"Faith, he has contrived to feather his own nest, anyhow," said the old man, laughing. "He lent Lord Glengariff five thousand pounds t'other day, at six per cent, and on as good security as the Bank."

"Does he pretend to have discovered anything new with respect to that claim?"

"He says there's just enough to frighten them, and that your help—the two of ye together—could work it well."

"He has not, then, found out the claimant?"

"He has his name, and the regiment he's in, but that's all. He was talking of writing to him."

"If he's wise, he'll let it alone. What chance would a poor soldier in the ranks have against a great lord, if he had all the right in the world on his side?"

"So I told him; but he said we could make a fine thing out of it for all that; and somehow, Davy, he's mighty seldom mistaken."

"If he be, sir, it is because he has hitherto only meddled with what lay within his power; he can scheme and plot and track out a clue in the little world he has lived in, but let him be careful how he venture upon that wider ocean of life where his craft would be only a cock-boat."

"He hasn't your stuff in him, Davy," cried the old man in ecstasy; and a very slight flush rose to the other's cheek at the words, but whether of pride, or shame, or pleasure, it were hard to say. "I have nothing to offer you, Davy, except a cut of cold pork; could you eat it?" said the old man.

"I'm not hungry, father; I'm tired somewhat, but not hungry."

"I'm tired, too," said the old man, sighing; "but, to be sure, it's time for me—I'll be eighty-nine if I live till the fourth of next month. That's a long life, Davy."

"And it has been an active one, sir."

"I've seen great changes in my time, Davy," continued he, following out his own thoughts; "I was in the Volunteers when we bullied the English, and they've paid us off for it since, that they have; I was one of the jury when Jackson died in the dock, and if he was alive now maybe it's a Lord of the Treasury he'd be. Everything is changed, and everybody, too. Do you remember Kellett, of Kellett's Court, that used to drive on the Circular road with six horses?"

Dunn nodded an assent.

"His liveries were light-blue and silver, and Lord Castletown's was the same; and Kellett says to him one day, 'My Lord,' says he, 'we're always mistaken for each other, couldn't we hit on a way to prevent it?' 'I'm willing,' says my lord, 'if I only knew how.' 'Then I'll tell you,' says Kellett; 'make your people follow your own example and turn their coats, that'll do it,' says he." And the old man laughed till his eyes swam. "What's become of them Kelletts?" added he, sharply.

"Ruined—sold out."

"To be sure, I remember all about it; and the young fellow—Paul was his name—where's he?"

"He's not so very young now," said Dunn, smiling; "he has a clerkship in the Customs, a poor place it is."

"I'm glad of it," said he, fiercely; "there was an old score between us—that's his father and me—and I knew I wouldn't die till it was settled."

"These are not kindly feelings, father," said Dunn, mildly.

"No; but they're natural ones, and that's as good," said the old man, with an energy that seemed to defy his age. "Where would I be now—where would you, if it was only kindness we thought of? There wasn't a man in all Ireland I wanted to be quits with so much as old Kellett of Kellett's Court; and you'd not wonder if you knew why, but I won't tell."

Davenport Dunn's cheek grew crimson and then deadly pale, but he never uttered a word.

"And what's more," continued the old man, energetically, "I'd pay the debt off to his children's children with interest, if I could."

Still was the other silent; and the old man looked angry that he had not succeeded in stimulating the curiosity he had declared he would not gratify.

"Fate has done the work already, sir," said Dunn, gravely.

"Look where we are, and where they!"

"That's true—that's true, we have a receipt in full for it all; but I'd like to show it to him, I'd like to say to him, 'Mr. Kellett, once upon a time, when my son there was a child—'"

"Father, father, these memories can neither make us wiser nor happier," broke in Dunn, in a voice of deep emotion. "Had I taken upon me to carry through life the burden of resentments, my back had been broken long ago, and from your own prudent counsels I learned that this could never lead to success. The men whom destiny has crushed are like bankrupt debtors, and to pursue them is but to squander your own resources."

The old man sat moodily, muttering indistinctly to himself, and evidently little moved by the words he had listened to.

"Are you going away already?" cried he, suddenly, as Dunn rose from his chair.

"Yes, sir, I have a busy day before me to-morrow, and need some sleep to prepare for it."

"What will you be doing to-morrow, Davy?" asked the old man, while a bright gleam of pride lighted up his eyes and illuminated his whole face.

"I have depositions to receive—half a dozen at least. The Drainage Commission, too, will want me, and I must contrive to have half an hour for the Inland Navigation people; then the Attorney-General will call about these prosecutions, and I have not made up my mind about them; and the Castle folk will need some clue to my intentions about the new Secretary; there are some twenty provincial editors, besides, waiting for directions, not to speak of private and personal requests, some of which I must not refuse to hear. As to letters, three days won't get through them, so that you see, father, I do need a little rest beforehand."

"God bless you, my boy—God bless you, Davy," cried the old man, tenderly, grasping his hand in both his own. "Keep the head clear and trust nobody—that's the secret, trust nobody—the only mistakes I ever made in life was when I forgot that rule." And affectionately kissing him, the father dismissed his son, muttering blessings on him as he went.

CHAPTER XVI.—DAVIS VERSUS DUNN.

DAVENPORT DUNN had not exaggerated when he spoke of a busy day for the morrow. As early as eight o'clock was he at breakfast, and before nine the long back parlor, with its deep bay window, was

crowded like the waiting-room of a fashionable physician. Indeed, in the faces of anxiety, eagerness, and impatience of those assembled there, there was a resemblance. With a tact which natural shrewdness and long habit could alone confer, Mr. Clowes, the butler, knew exactly where each arrival should be introduced; and while railway directors, bank governors, and great contractors indiscriminately crowded the large dining-room, peers and right honorables filled the front drawing-room, the back one being reserved for law officers of the crown, and such secret emissaries as came on special mission from the Castle. From the hall, crammed with fringed country folk to the little conservatory on the stairs, where a few ladies were grouped, every space was occupied. Either from previous acquaintance, or guided by the name of the visitor, Mr. Clowes had little difficulty in assigning him his fitting place, dropping, as he accompanied him, some few words as the rank and station of the individual might warrant him addressing to him. "I'll let Mr. Dunn know your lordship is here this instant, he is now just engaged with the Chief Baron.—He'll see you, Sir Samuel, next.—Mr. Wilcox, you have no chance for two hours, the Foyle deputation is just gone in.—You need scarcely wait to-day, Mr. Tobin, there are eighteen before you.—Colonel Craddock, you are to come on Saturday, and bring the plans with you.—Too late, Mr. Dean, his Grace the Archbishop waited till a quarter to eleven, the appointment is now for tomorrow at one.—No use in staying, my honest fellow, your own landlord couldn't see Mr. Dunn to-day." In the midst of such brief phrases as these, while he scattered hopes and disappointments about him, he suddenly paused to read a card, stealing a quick glance at the individual who presented it. "Mr. Annesley Beecher." By appointment, sir?"

"Well, I suppose I might say yes," muttered the visitor, while he turned to a short and very over-dressed person at his side for counsel in the difficulty.

"To be sure—by appointment," said the other, confidently, while he bestowed on the butler a look of unmistakable defiance.

"And this—gentleman—is with you, sir?" asked the butler, pausing ere he pronounced the designation. "Might I request to have his name?"

"Captain Davis," said the short man, interposing. "Write it under your own, Beecher."

While Mr. Annesley Beecher was thus occupied, and, sooth to say, it was an office he did not discharge with much despatch, Clowes had ample time to scan the appearance and style of the strangers.

"If you'll step this way, sir," said Clowes, addressing Beecher only, "I'll send in your card at once." And he ushered them as he spoke into the thronged dinner-room, whose crowded company sat silent and moody, each man regarding his neighbor with a kind of reproachful expression, as though the especial cause of the long delay he was undergoing.

"You ought 'to tip' that flunkey, Beecher," said Davis, as soon as they were alone in a window.

"Haven't the tin, Master Grog?" said the other, laughing, while he added in a lower voice, "do you know, Grog, I don't feel quite comfortable, here. Rather mixed company, ain't it, for a fellow who only goes out of a Sunday?"

"All safe," muttered Davis. "These are all bank directors, or railway swells. I wish we had the robbery of them!"

"Good deal of humbug about all this, ain't there?" whispered Beecher, as he threw his eyes over the crowded room.

"Of course there is," replied the other. "While he's keeping us all kicking our shins here, he's reading the *Times*, or gossiping with a friend, or weighing a double letter for the post. It was the dentists took the dodge first, and the nobles followed them."

"I'm not going to stand it much longer, Grog. I tell you I don't feel comfortable."

"Stuff and nonsense. You don't fancy any of these chaps has a writ in his pocket, do you? Why, I can tell you every man in the room. That little fellow, with the punch-colored shorts, is Chairman of the Royal Canal Company. I know him, and he knows me. He had me 'up' about a roulette-table, on board of one of the boats, and if it hadn't been for a trifling incident that occurred to his wife at Boulogne, where she went for the bathing and which I broke to him in confidence—But stay, he's comin' over to speak to me."

"How d'ye do, Captain Davis?" said the stranger, with the air of a man resolved to brave a difficulty, while he threw into the manner a tone of haughty patronage.

"Pretty bobbish, Mr. Hailes; and you, the same, I hope."

"Well, thank you. You never paid me that little visit you promised at Leixlip."

"I've been so busy of late; up to my ears, as they say. Going to start a new company, and think of asking your assistance, too."

"What's the nature of it?"

"Well, it's a kind of a mutual self-securing sort of thing against family accidents. You understand—a species of universal guarantee to insure domestic peace and felicity—a thing that will come home to us all, and I only want a few good names in the direction, to give the shares a push."

Beecher looked imploringly, to try and restrain him; but he went on.

"May I take the liberty to put you down on the committee of management?"

Before any answer could come to this speech, Mr. Clowes called out, in a deep voice,

"Mr. Annesley Beecher and Captain Davis;" and flung wide the door for them to pass out.

"Why did you say that to him, Grog?" whispered Beecher, as they moved along.

"Just because I was watching the way he looked at me. He had a hardy, bold expression on his face that showed he needed a reminder, and so I gave him one. Always have the first blow when you see a fellow means to strike you."

Mr. Davenport Dunn rose as the visitors entered the room, and having motioned to them to be seated, took his place with his back to the fire, a significant intimation that he did not anticipate a lengthy interview. Whether it was that he had not previously settled in his own mind how to open the object of his visit, or that something in Dunn's manner and appearance, unlike what he anticipated, had changed his intention, but certain it was that Beecher felt confused and embarrassed, and when reminded by Dunn's saying, "I'm at your service, sir," he turned a most imploring look towards Davis, to come to his rescue. The captain, however, with more tact, paid no attention to the appeal, and Beecher, with an immense effort, stammered out, "I have taken the liberty to call on you. I have come here to-day in consequence of a letter—that is, my brother, Lord Lackington—You know my brother?"

"I have that honor, sir."

"Well, in writing to me a few days back, he added a hurried postscript, saying he had just seen you; that you were then starting for Ireland, where, on your arrival, it would be well I should wait upon you at once."

"Did his lordship mention with what object, sir?"

"I can't exactly say that he did. He said something about your being his man of business, thoroughly acquainted with all his affairs, and so, of course, I expected—I believed, at least—that you might be able to lead the way, to show me the line of country, as one might call it," added he, with a desperate attempt to regain his ease, by recurring to his favorite phraseology.

"Really, sir, my engagements are so numerous that I have to throw myself on the kindness of those who favor me with a call to explain the object of their visit."

"I haven't got Lackington's letter about me, but if I remember aright, all he said was, 'See Dunn as soon as you can, and he'll put you up to a thing or two,' or words to that effect."

"I regret deeply, sir, that the expressions gave me no clue to the matter in hand."

"If this ain't fencing, my name isn't Davis," said Grog, breaking in. "You know well, without any going about the bush, what he comes about; and all this skimming is only to see if he's as well 'up' as yourself in his own business. Now then, no more chaff, but go in at once."

"May I ask who is this gentleman?"

"A friend—a very particular friend of mine," said Beecher, quickly. "Captain Davis."

"Captain Davis," repeated Dunn over, in a half voice to himself, as if to assist his memory to some effort—"Captain Davis."

"Just so," said Grog, defiantly—"Captain Davis."

"Does his lordship's letter mention I should have the honor of a call from Captain Davis, sir?"

"No; but as he's my own intimate friend—a gentleman who possesses all my confidence—I thought, indeed I felt, the importance of

having his advice upon any questions that might arise in this interview."

"I am afraid, sir, you have subjected your friend to a most unprofitable inconvenience."

"The match postponed till future notice," whispered Grog.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Dunn, not overhearing the remark.

"I was saying that no race would come off to-day, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather," said Grog, as he adjusted his shirt-collar.

"Am I to conclude, then," said Beecher, "that you have not any communication to make to me?"

"No you ain't," broke in Grog, quickly. "He don't like me, that's all, and he hasn't manliness to say it."

"On the contrary, sir, I feel all the advantage of your presence on this occasion—all the benefit of that straightforward manner of posing the question, which saves us so much valuable time."

Grog bowed an acknowledgment of the compliment, but with a grin on his face, that showed in what spirit he accepted it.

"Lord Lackington did not speak to you about my allowance?" asked Beecher, losing all patience.

"No, sir, not a word."

"He did not allude to a notion—he did not mention a plan—he did not discuss people called O'Reilly, did he?" asked he, growing more and more confused and embarrassed.

"Not a syllable with reference to such a name escaped him, sir."

"Don't you see," said Grog, rising, "that you'll have to look for the explanation to the second column of the *Times*, where 'A. B. will hear something to his advantage if he calls without C. D.'"

Davenport Dunn paid no attention to this remark, but stood calmly impassive before them.

"It comes to this, then, that Lackington has been hoaxing me," said Beecher, rising, with an expression of ill temper on his face.

"I should rather suggest another possibility," said Dunn, politely, "that, knowing how far his lordship has graciously reposed his own confidence in me, he has generously extended to me the chance of obtaining the same position of trust on the part of his brother, an honor I am most ambitious to attain. If you are disengaged on Sunday next," added he, in a low voice, "and would favor me with your company at dinner, alone—quite alone—"

Beecher bowed an assent in silence, casting a cautious glance towards Davis, who was scanning the contents of the morning paper. "Till then," muttered Dunn, while he added, aloud, "A good morning," and bowed them both to the door.

"Well, you are a soft 'un, there's no denying it," said Davis, as they gained the street.

"What d'ye mean?" cried Beecher, angrily.

"Why, don't you see how you spoiled all? I'd have had the whole story out of him, but you wouldn't give me time to 'work the oracle.' He only wanted to show us how cunning he was—that he was deep, and all that; and when he saw that we were all wonder and amazement about his shrewdness, then he'd have gone to business."

"Not a bit of it, Master Grog; that fellow's wide awake, I tell you."

"So much the worse for you, then, that's all."

"Why so?"

"Because you're going to dine with him on Sunday next, all alone. I heard it, though you didn't think I was listening, and I saw the look that passed, too, as much as to say, 'We'll not have that fellow; and that's the reason I say, 'So much the worse for you.'"

"Why, what can he do, with all his craft? He can't make me put my name to paper; and if he did, much good would it do him." "You can't make running against the like of him," said Grog, contemptuously. "He has an eye in his head like a dog-fox. You're no chance with him. He couldn't double on me—he'd not try it; but he'll play you like a trout in a fish-pond."

"What if I send him an excuse, then. Shall I do that?"

"No. You must go; if it was only to show that you suspect nothing; but keep your eyes open; watch the ropes, and come over to me when the 'heat is run.'"

And with this counsel they parted.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE "PENSIONNAT GODARDE."

LET us ask our reader to turn for a brief space from these scenes and these actors, and accompany us to that rich plain which stretches to the north-west of Brussels, and where, on the slope of the gentle hill, beneath the Royal Palace of Lacken, stands a most picturesque old house, known as the Château of the Three Fountains. The very type of a château of the Low Countries, from its gabled fronts, all covered with festooned rhododendron, to its trim gardens, peopled with leaden deities, and ornamented by the three fountains to which it owes its name, nothing was wanting. From the plump little figure who blew his trumpet on the weather vane, to the gaudily gilded pleasure-boat that peeped from amidst the tall water-lilies of the fish-pond, all proclaimed the peculiar taste of a people who loved to make nature artificial, and see the instincts of their own quaint natures reproduced in every copse and hedgerow around them.

All the little queer contrivances of Dutch ingenuity were there—mock shrubs, which blossomed as you touched a spring; jets, that spouted out as you trod on a certain spot; wooden figures, worked by mechanism, lowered the drawbridge to let you pass; nor was the toll-keeper forgotten, who touched his cap in salutation. Who were they who had designed all these pleasant conceits, and what fate had fallen on their descendants, we know not. At the time we speak of the château was a select Pensionnat for ten young ladies, presided over by Madame Godarde, "of whom all particulars might be learned at Cadell's Library, Old Bond street, or by personal application to the Rev. Pierre Faucher, Evangelical Minister, Adam street, Strand, London." It was, as we have said, select, the most select of Pensionnats. The ten young ladies were chosen after investigations the most scrutinizing; the conditions of the admission verged on the impossible. The mistress realized in her person all the rare attributes of an elevated rank and a rigid Protestantism, while the educational programme was little short of a fellowship course. Just as being a guardsman is supposed to confer a certain credit over a man's outset in life, it was meant that being an élève of Madame Godarde should enter the world with a due and becoming prestige; for, while the range of acquirements included something at least from every branch of human science, the real superiority and strength of the establishment lay in the moral culture observed there; and as the female teachers were selected from amongst the models of the sex, the male instructors were warranted as having triumphed over temptations not inferior to St. Anthony's. The ritual of the establishment well responded to all the difficulties of admission. It was almost conventual in strictness; and even to the uniform dress worn by the pupils there was much that recalled the nunnery. The quiet uniformity of an unbroken existence, the changeless fashion of each day's life, impressed even young and buoyant hearts, and toned down to seriousness spirits that nature had formed to be light and joyous. One by one, they who had entered there underwent this change; a little longer might be the struggle with some, the end was alike to all; nay, not to all! there was one whose temperament resisted to the last, and who, after three years of the duration, was just as unbroken in spirit, just as high in heart, just as gay, as when she first crossed the threshold. Gifted with one of those elastic natures which rise against every pressure, she accepted every hardship as the occasion for fresh resource, and met each new infliction, whether it were a severe task, or even punishment, with a high-hearted resolve not to be vanquished. There was nothing in her appearance that indicated this hardness; she was a fair, slight girl, whose features were feminine almost to childishness. The grey-blue eyes, shaded with deep lashes; the beautifully formed mouth, on which a half saucy smile so often played; a half timid expression conveyed in the ever-changing color of her cheek, suggested the expression of a highly impressionable and undecided nature; yet this frail, delicate girl, whose bird-like voice reminded one of childhood, swayed and ruled all her companions. She added to these personal graces abilities of a high order. Skilled in every accomplishment, she danced, and sang, and drew, and played better than her fellows; she spoke several modern languages fluently, and even caught up their local dialects with a quickness quite marvellous. She could warble the Venetian barcarole with all the soft accents of an Adriatic tongue, or sing the Bauerlied of the Tyrol with every cadence of the peasant's fancy. With a memory so retentive that she could generally repeat what she had once read over attentively, she had powers of mimicry that enabled her to produce at will everything noticeable that crossed her. A vivid fancy, too, threw its glittering light over all these

faculties, so that even the common-place incidents of daily life grouped themselves dramatically in her mind, and events the least striking were made the origin of situation and sentiment, brilliant with wit and poetry.

Great as all these advantages were, they were aided, and not inconsiderably, by other and adventitious ones. She was reputed to be a great heiress. How, and when, and why this credit attached to her, it were hard to say; assuredly she had never given it any impulse. She spoke, indeed, constantly of her father—her only living relation—as of one who never grudged her any indulgence, and she showed her schoolfellows the handsome presents which from time to time he sent her; these in their costliness—so unlike the gifts common to her age—may possibly have assisted the belief in her great wealth. But however founded, the impression prevailed that she was to be the possessor of millions, and in the course of destiny, to be what her companions called her in jest—a Princess.

If it were not that, in her capricious moods, Nature has moulded stranger counterfeits than this, we might incur some risk of incredulity from our reader when we say that the Princess was no other than Grog Davis's daughter.

Davis had been a man of stratagems from the very beginning in life. All his gains had been acquired by dexterity and trick. Whatever he had accomplished was won as at a game where some other paid the loss. His mind, consequently, fashioned itself to the condition in which he lived, and sharpness, and shrewdness, and over-reaching seemed to him not alone the only elements of success, but the only qualities worth honoring. He had seen honesty and imbecility so often in company, that he thought them convertible terms; and yet this man—"Leg," outcast, knave, that he was—rose above all the realities of a life of roguery in one aspiration—to educate his child in purity, to screen her from the contamination of his own set, to bring her up amongst all the refining influences of care and culture, and make her, as he said to himself, "the equal of the best lady in the land!" To place her amongst the well-born and wealthy, to have her where her origin could not be traced, where no clue would connect her with himself, had cost him a greater exercise of ingenuity than the deepest scheme he had ever plotted on the turf. That exchange of references on which Madame Godarde's exclusiveness so peremptorily insisted was only to be met at heavy cost. The distinguished baronet who stood sponsor to Grog Davis's respectability received cash for the least promising of promissory notes in return, and the lady who waited on Madame Godarde in her brougham "to make acquaintance with the person who was to have charge of her young relative," was the distracted mother of a foolish young man who had given bills to Davis for several thousands, and who, by this special mission, obtained possession of the documents. In addition to these direct, there were many other indirect sacrifices. Grog was obliged for a season to forego all the habits and profits of his daily life, to live in a sort of respectable seclusion, his servants in mourning, and himself in the deepest sable for the loss of a wife who had died twelve years before. In fact, he had to take out a species of moral naturalisation, the details of which seemed interminable, and served to convince him that respectability was not the easy, indolent thing he had hitherto imagined it.

If it was a proud day for the father as he consigned his daughter to Madame Godarde's care, it was no less a happy one for Lizzy Davis, as she found herself in the midst of companions of her own age, and surrounded with all the occupations and appliances of a life of elegance. Brought up from infancy in a small school in a retired part of Cornwall, she had only known her father during the two or three months of that probationary course of respectability we have alluded to. With all his affection for his child, and every desire to give it utterance, Davis was so conscious of his own defects in education, and the blemishes which his tone of mind and thought would inevitably exhibit, that he had to preserve a sort of estrangement towards her, and guard himself against whatever might prejudice him in her esteem. If, then, by a thousand acts of kindness and liberality he gained on her affection, there was that in his cold and distant manner that as totally repelled all confidence. To escape from the dull uniformity of that dreary home, where a visitor never entered, nor any intercourse with the world was maintained, to a scene redolent of life, with gay, light-hearted associates, all pursuing the same sunny paths, to engage her brilliant faculties in a variety of congenial pursuits wherein there was only so much of difficulty as inspired zeal, to enter an existence wherein each day imparted the sense of new acquirement, was a happiness that verged on ecstasy. It needed not all the flatteries that surrounded her to make this seem a paradise; but she had these, too, and in so many ways. Some loved her light-heartedness, and that gay spirit that floated like an atmosphere about her; others praised her gracefulness and her beauty; some preferred to these, those versatile gifts of mind that gave her the mastery over whatever she desired to learn; and there were those who dwelt on the great fortune she was to have, and the great destiny that awaited her.

How often in the sportive levity of happy girlhood had they asked her what life she should choose for herself—what station, and what land to live in. They questioned her in all sincerity, believing she had but to wish to have the existence that pleased her. Then what tender caresses followed! what flattering entreaties that the dear Princess would not forget Josephine, or Gertrude, or Julia in the days of her greatness, but would recognise those who had been her loved school-fellows years before!

"What a touchstone of your tact will it be, Lizzy, when you're a duchess," said one, "to meet one of us in a watering-place, or on a steamboat, and to explain, delicately enough not to hurt us, to his grace the duke that you knew us as girls, and how provoking if you should call me Jane or Clara!"

"And then the charming condescension of your inquiry if we were married, though a half-bashful and an awkward-looking man should be standing by at our interview, waiting to be presented, and afraid to be spoken to. Or worse than that, the long, terrible pauses in conversation, which show how afraid you are lest we should tumble into reminiscences."

"Oh, Lizzy, darling," cried another, "do be a duchess for a moment, and show how you would treat us all. It would be charming."

"You seem to be forgetting, mesdames," said she, haughtily, "what an upstart you are making of me. This wondrous elevation, which is at once to make me forget my friends and myself, does not present to my eyes the same dazzling effect. In fact, I can imagine myself a duchess to-morrow without losing either my self-respect or my memory."

"Daisy, dearest, do not be angry with us," cried one, addressing her by the pet name which they best loved to call her.

"I am rather angry with myself that I should leave no better impression behind me. Yes," added she, in a tone of sadness, "I am going away."

"Oh, darling Lizzy—oh, Daisy, don't say so," broke out so many voices together.

"Too true! dearest friends," said she, throwing her arms around those nearest to her. "I only learned it this morning. Madame Godarde came to my room to say papa had written for me, and would come over to fetch me in about a fortnight. I ought doubtless to be so happy at the prospect of going home; but I have no mother—I have not either brother or sister; and here, amidst you, I have every tie that can attach the heart. When shall I ever live again amidst such loving hearts?—when shall life be the happy dream I have felt it here?"

"But think of us, Daisy, forlorn and deserted," cried one, sobbing.

"Yes, Lizzy," broke in another, "imagine the day-by-day disappointments that will break on us as we discover that this pleasure or that spot owed its charm to you—that it was your voice made the air melody—your accents gave the words their feeling! Fancy us as we find out—as find out we must—that the affection we bore you bound us into one sisterhood—"

"Oh!" burst Lizzy in, "do let me carry away some of my heart to him who should have it all, and make not my last moments with you too painful to bear. Remember, too, that it is but a passing separation; we can and we will write to each other. I'll never weary of hearing all about you and this dear spot. There's not a rosebud opening to the morning air but will bring some fragrance to my heart; and that dear old window! how often shall I sit at it in fancy, and look over the fair plain before us. Beshink you, too, that I am only the first launched into that wide ocean of life where we are all to meet hereafter."

"And be the dear, dear friends we now are," cried another. And so they hung upon her neck and kissed her, basking her soft tress with their tears, and indulging in all the rapture of that sorrow no ecstasy of joy can equal.

(To be continued.)



THE INDIANS ATTACKING A COLONY OF BEAVERS.

BEAVER HUNTING IN NORTH AMERICA.

NORTH AMERICA is the country where the beaver is now most commonly found, but it was at one time familiar on the Euphrates and along some of the larger European rivers, as the Rhine and the Danube. In very ancient times, the beaver followed its architectural pursuits along the rivers of England. A celebrated naturalist from Europe, who made a trip to our Western wilds, upon returning home, remarked, that if he had seen nothing in all his long journey but a beaver colony, he would have been paid for any sacrifice of time and money consumed in his travels.

The animal is about three feet and a half in length, and, considering its size, is very strong, as it is capable, when walking on its hind legs, of carrying heavy weights in its fore paws. Its teeth are very strong, and work upon each other, so that they cut like two chisels. The Indians often put wooden handles to them, and with their sharp edges carve their wooden ornaments. In captivity they soon become tame, and are very amusing from the numerous displays they make of their intelligence. Among other things, they will go through the pantomime of cutting down trees to build a dam across the corner of their room, and then will construct it by gathering together brush, fire-irons, books, or anything movable they can come across. Having completed their labors, they will sit up in the centre of their work, and appear highly satisfied with what they have accomplished.

In their native haunts, away from the blighting influence of man, when they want to form a settlement, three or four assemble together where they will be in the vicinity of plenty of provisions, such as the bark of trees, acorns and different grains; they also choose a stream which can be easily dammed up, and thus afford a pond around which to build their houses. In constructing these dams they show the utmost ingenuity, and no engineer could with more judgment overcome obstacles. To accomplish their objects, they cut down large trees above the place where they intend to erect their dam, and take their plans so well that the tree falls across the stream, and forms the foundation of the structure. They now commence lacing the branches together, bring other smaller trees to strengthen their work, and finally fill the whole up with earth, clay and moss; the dam is now complete, and the desired pond is of course the result. All this wonderful labor is performed in the darkness of the night, their flat tails serving for carts and trowels, their teeth for saws and axes;

their paws supply the place of hands, and their feet serve instead of oars.

In the construction of their houses they are more ingenious than the Indians, who, for the sake of their skins, assault their settlements. They are generally built upon piles, and some distance from the bank of the stream. They first make holes at the bottom of the pond, in which they fix their posts, on which the edifice is to be built. They then commence building upwards, one story upon the other; the walls are a foot or two thick; the building some feet in diameter; the top of the building is oval, so as to shed the water from every side. The entrance is from under the water. Once inside, they ascend to the first floor, which is dry, and which answers as a depository of provisions. In the upper stories the family reside, generally consisting of some ten members. The several parties have their lodging-places fastened on the side of the walls. Everything is kept scrupulously clean, and nothing can exceed the order and regularity that presides over the entire household.

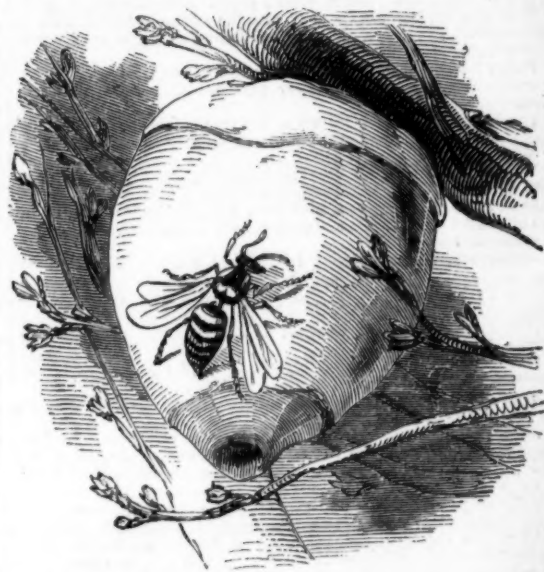
The skin of these interesting animals produces one of the most valuable furs known to commerce, but so rapidly is our continent becoming overrun by the white man, who is even more rapacious in destroying the beaver than the Indian, that the fur is, compared with old times, but little to be met with. The Indians, who early learned that the beaver to the whites "was as good as money," have always looked upon the pursuit as one of the most exciting and profitable in which they can engage. Our engraving shows a beaver-house situated on one of the upper tributaries of the St. Lawrence, where the Indians are in the act of firing from every side, the alarmed animals spinning along the surface of the water, completely paralyzed and confounded by the shot and arrows that are flying around them.

"The trappers," as the best white hunters are termed, get their name from the machine they use to catch the beaver. It is a large iron instrument resembling a gigantic rat-trap. They place it under the water, near the bank of the stream, and by placing some musk, of which the beavers are very fond, just above the bank and over the trap, the animal swims toward it, and in climbing up the shore to reach the bait, is caught in the iron jaws and drowned. Some wild buffalo fording a stream in which one of these traps was set, one got his hind leg in it, and carried the trap, weighing nearly forty pounds, some fifty miles, when he was come up with, much to the astonishment of the hunters, completely exhausted by his unusual load.

Intimately connected with the beaver is a small and vicious wasp, which seems to have a propensity to build its nest in the vicinity of their dams, though it is found in different parts of the country, but always near streams. These little insects are quite as industrious as the beaver in the construction of their dwellings, and show equal ingenuity. Their habit is to fasten their nests to the limbs of small shrubs, so that they are never far from the ground, and therefore escape from casual observation. No one ever disturbs the wasp, his sting is a protection against all intrusion; and the wonder is that they do not increase with more rapidity, for they seem to live unmolested, and the number of their young far exceed those which come to perfection, which causes them to be a great annoyance to the beaver hunters.

THE BASTILLE, TORN DOWN BY THE PEOPLE OF PARIS AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

To our Revolutionary fathers and mothers the name of no European prison excited so much horror, and created so much inquiry, as that of the Bastille; and in accordance with this sentiment, when the castle was torn down, Lafayette sent the key of the principal entrance to Washington, and it is still to be seen at

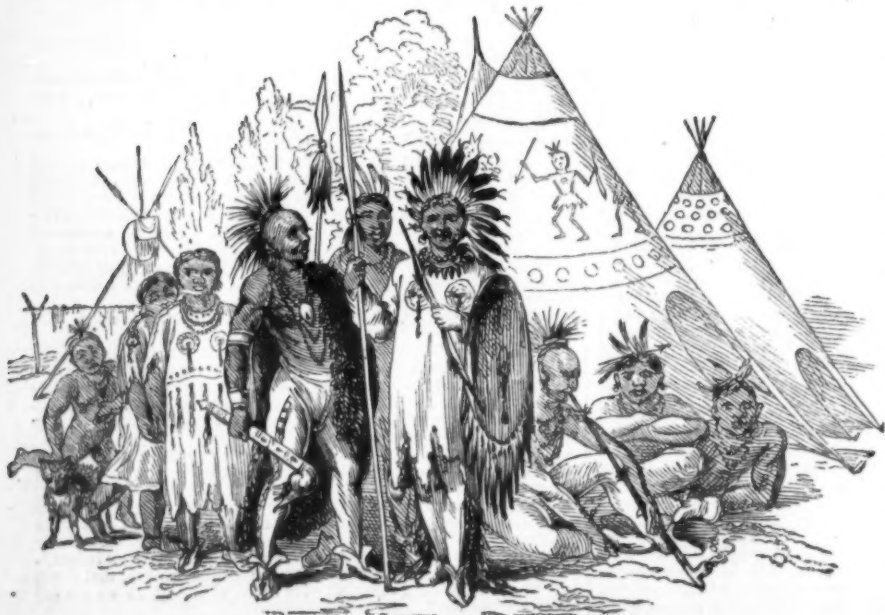


THE INDIAN OR WILD WASP.

Mount Vernon. The Bastille was always one of the most detested prisons in France, and among the common people had a peculiar interest from the fact that the prisoners confined in it were generally understood to be persons of rank, who had fallen under the displeasure of the reigning sovereign. The mode of incarcerating prisoners was by *lettres de cachet*, that is to say, by warrant, professedly signed by the king; but they were generally the product of his favorites, who, by using the king's signet, consigned any one to prison whom they pleased, and thus rose the oppression and the terrible associations of the Bastille. No family of respectability existed in France conscious of being politically obnoxious that did not dread the *lettres de cachet*, and all, innocent and guilty, felt that their evil influence might at any time consign them to the Bastille. L'Hermit, who was Governor of the Bastille, and a friend of the monster, Louis XI., so far as the prisoners were concerned, was himself judge, witness and executioner. He caused the victims sent him by the king to be placed on a trap-door, through which they fell, striking on wheels armed with sharp points and cutting edges; others he stifled by closing up all air to their dungeons, or tied stones about their necks and made them walk into a deep and filthy pool he had provided for the purpose. It is known that the monster and his master put to death more than four thousand persons in these execrable ways.

Our drawing of the building, put on the wood and engraved especially for our pages, the first correct representation ever given to the American public, was taken from a very rare work, published in London under royal authority in 1770, and gives a vivid idea of the dark, frowning walls of the castle, of the Gate St. Antoine, and a distant view of Paris, as it then appeared. No one can look upon it without emotions of deep interest.

The Bastille, at its foundation, 1369, was the entrance of Paris at the suburb St. Antoine, and originally consisted of two towers, probably commanding each side of the highway, and was more especially intended to provide against the attacks of the English. Two towers of retreat were erected directly in the rear of the first, so



THE INDIANS CELEBRATING THE EVENT OF A SUCCESSFUL BEAVER HUNT.



THE BASTILLE, TORN DOWN BY THE PEOPLE OF PARIS AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

that the road passed over a drawbridge between them. Charles VI. finally caused four more towers to be erected, with the spaces left by their isolated position to be filled up by walls of solid masonry, in which were built apartments, the bridge was taken away, and the road turned outside. Thus originated the historically interesting building known as the Bastille.

The time the description from which we quote was written, was in the days of Louis XVI., and displays things just as they were when Benjamin Franklin was in Paris, supplicating the French monarch to aid his countrymen in their struggle for liberty. It must have annoyed the old philosopher wherever he went in the vicinity to be intercepted by the advanced guard which, night and day, stood at the entrance, where it came upon the street St. Antoine, for it was a neighborhood which, in pursuit of his mission, he was often obliged to visit. Passing over two drawbridges, he must have noticed another guard-room, beyond still a strong barrier, formed of beams plated with iron, and beyond still, two more drawbridges and three posts of sentinels, all to be passed before you stood within the small court inside the Bastille walls.

The walls, which united the towers into one building, as will be noticed in our engraving, were ten feet thick, and had, in many places, cells for prisoners built within them. The towers had different names, and on their tops were terraces solidly constructed, on which occasionally a prisoner, as a great favor, was, in company with two guards, allowed to walk. There were also thirteen pieces of cannon, which were fired on days of solemnity or public rejoicings.

It would be impossible to give a detailed description of the entire interior; we must confine ourselves to the most striking particulars. In the corner of each cell was a camp bed, formed of iron bars, soldered into the walls, with some planks laid upon them, with a little straw for a bed; two doors, each seven inches thick, studded with bolts, bars and locks, shut up these dens. There were five ranks of chambers, only differing one from the other in its horrors. The most dreadful were those known as the iron cages, six feet by eight, composed of strong wood and lined with iron plates. These were invented by Louis XI., who had two built at Loches, in which Ludovico, Duke of Milan, was confined, and in which he ended his days. Louis XII., while Duke of Orleans, was also confined in one of these iron cages. The second rank of chambers for cruelty were in the top of the towers; in these rooms a man could not stand upright, and the windows admitting light and air were pierced through the ten feet walls, and were obstructed by several rows of grates. In many cases the outer window-grates were covered with cloth, and also darkened by window-shutters, fixed in such a manner that all view was intercepted from the prisoner. These dungeons in summer were insufferably hot, and in winter piercing cold. Human ingenuity, aided by fiends, never invented more terrible places for the torment of human beings.

The early customs of the Bastille continued down to the latest day of its existence. Long after the necessity of cruelty and persecution ceased, they were in vogue from the force of long habit in those who were trained in the prison. The business of the officials was mainly to interrogate and annoy the prisoners, to lay snares for them, and by the meanest artifices entrap them into confessions. They pretended to have proof of crime, would exhibit papers, but would not let their unhappy victims see them. Their own questions and expressions were always vague, but everything the prisoner said or did, even his secret thoughts were imagined and brought in judgment against him. They were continually annoyed by interrogations, with caresses and menaces; often they were insulted in the grossest manner, and every infliction was put upon the proud and spirited that human nature could bear. It was this insupportable torment continued day after day, the false and equivocal promises, inexhaustible and constantly deceitful hopes of a speedy release, exhortations of patience, and blind conjectures, finally drove the unhappy victims insane, if death in a more sudden form did not come to their rescue.

In the latter days of the Bastille, when it was known that a prisoner had entirely lost his health, and his life would soon be ended, it was deemed judicious to send him out. If the prisoner died unexpectedly, he was interred in the neighboring

parish, under the name of a domestic, and this falsity was written upon the register; another register, however, was kept, but it was never seen except by the Governor and certain Government officials, who were the King's Lieutenant of Police, a Marshal of France, and members of the royal family, who also had a right to enter the Bastille wearing swords, and were received with a military salute.

The dungeons under the towers were filled with mud, from which exhaled the most offensive odors, and which were filled with toads, newts, rats and spiders. It was in these dark and loathsome places that the tyrant Louis XI. of France imprisoned those whom he was desirous of destroying by protracted sufferings. Here in dungeons, the bottoms of which were covered with sharp cones, that their feet might have no resting place, nor their bodies any repose, were placed the princes of Armagnac, who were taken out twice a week and scourged in presence of the Governor of the Bastille, and every ninety days had a tooth drawn out. The eldest of the princes went mad under the treatment, and the younger was released by the death of Louis. It was from the petition of the princes, published in 1483, that these dreadful truths were obtained, which could not have been believed or imagined with a less convincing proof.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF DE LATUDE FROM THE BASTILLE.

In the year 1749, a man by the name of De Latude was imprisoned in the Bastille by order of Madame de Pompadour, where he finally became a prisoner with another victim of oppression named D'Alegre, and the two agreed upon a plan of escape. Their first work was, with the aid of the iron legs of their table, to pry up some of the tiles which covered the floor, and by digging some six hours, they found that there was a vacant space between the floor and the ceiling below of about four feet. This accomplished, the tiles were put back again, so that their removal was not noticed by the daily inspection of the guard. They then ripped the seams and hems of a number of linen sheets, and drew out the threads of them one by one. These were twisted together and made into small balls—these threads were finally twisted into a cord about fifty-five feet long, from which was made a rope-ladder, which was intended to support the conspirators aloft while they drew out the chimney bars and spikes of iron with which it was armed. This most painful work cost six months' toil, and could only be done by bending their bodies in the most painful position, and an hour's work was all that could be done, as the confinement in the chimney, the stooping position, and the dust caused the blood to rush out of the eyes and nose, and brought on a vertigo that nearly ended in death. By the aid of a knife, made of the steel used in striking fire, and the hollow of a candlestick, which was used as an auger, the daily supply of wood was morticed together, and a ladder was constructed, which, when put together, was twenty feet long, which was necessary to mount from the fosse upon the parapet, and from thence into the Governor's garden.

These things being complete, they set about making another ladder, which was to be eighty feet long, to let them down from the top of the Bastille into the street. They began this by unravelling linen shirts, napkins, nightcaps, stockings, drawers, pocket-handkerchiefs—everything that could supply thread or silk. The upper edge of the Bastille projecting over the wall three feet, this would necessarily occasion a rope-ladder to wave about sufficient to turn the stadiest head. To obviate and prevent this effect, a second rope was made, one hundred and sixty feet long, and at other ropes to fasten to cannon or any other projection that might offer. When all these ropes were finished, they amounted to one thousand four hundred feet. To accomplish all these preparations, eighteen months were consumed. Even if all the plans of escape were carried out, the prisoners had to cross the parapet, upon which the sentinels were always posted. To avoid detection, they decided to make a hole in the wall which separated the fosse of the Bastille from that of the Porte St. Antoine. Upon this resolution, De Latude says: "I considered that the numerous floods which had filed this fosse must have injured the mortar, and rendered it not impossible to break a passage through the wall. For this purpose it would require an auger to make holes in the wall, so as to insert an iron bar taken from the chimney. Accordingly, I made an auger

of the iron leg of our bedstead and fastened a handle on in the shape of a cross." The night of Wednesday, the 25th of February, 1766, was fixed upon for the flight; the circumstances of which are detailed by De Latude, as follows:

"I first got up the chimney. I had the rheumatism in my left arm, but I thought little of the pain; I soon experienced one much more severe. I had taken none of the precautions used by chimney-sweepers. I was nearly choked by the soot; and having no guards on my knees and elbows, they were so excoerated that the blood ran down on my legs and hands. As soon as I got to the top of the chimney I let down a piece of twine to D'Alegre; to this he attached the end of the rope, to which our portmanteau was fastened. I drew it up, unfastened it, and threw it on the platform of the Bastille. In the same way we hoisted up the wooden ladder, the two iron bars, and all our other articles; we finished by the ladder of ropes, the end of which I allowed to hang down to aid D'Alegre in getting up, while I held the upper part by means of a large wooden peg which we had prepared on purpose. I passed it through the cord, and placed it across the funnel of the chimney. By these means my companion avoided suffering what I did. This done, I came down from the top of the chimney, where I had been in a very painful position, and both of us were on the platform of the Bastille. We now arranged our different articles. We began by making a roll of our ladder of ropes, of about four feet diameter, and one thick. We rolled it to the tower called La Tour du Treson, which appeared to us the most favorable for our descent. We fastened one end of the ladder of ropes to a piece of cannon, and then lowered it down the wall; then we fastened the block, and passed the rope of one hundred and sixty feet long through it. This I tied round my body, and D'Alegre slackened it as I went down. Notwithstanding this precaution, I swung about in the air at every step I made. Judge what my situation was, when one shudders at the recital of it. At length I landed without accident in the fosse. Immediately D'Alegre lowered my portmanteau and other things. I found a little spot uncovered by water, on which I put them. Then my companion followed my example; but he had an advantage which I had not had, for I held the ladder for him with all my strength, which greatly prevented its swinging.

"It did not rain; and we heard the sentinel marching at about four toises distant; and we were therefore forced to give up our plan of escaping by the parapet and the Governor's garden. We resolved to use our iron bars. We crossed the fosse straight over to the wall which divides it from the Port St. Antoine, and went to work steadily. Just at this point there was a small ditch, about six feet broad and one deep, which increased the depth of the water. Elsewhere it was about up to our waists; here, to our armpits. It had thawed only a few days, so that the water had yet floating ice in it; we were nine hours in it, exhausted by fatigue and benumbed by the cold. We had hardly begun our work before the chief of the watch came round with his lantern, which cast a light on the place we were in; we had no alternative but to put our heads under water as he passed, which was every half hour. At length, after nine hours' of incessant alarm and exertion; after having worked out the stones one by one, we succeeded in making, in a wall of four feet six inches thick, a hole sufficiently wide, and we both crept through. We were giving way to our transports when we fell into a danger which we had not foreseen, and which had nearly been fatal to us. In crossing the fosse St. Antoine, to get into the road to Bercy, we fell into the aqueduct which was in the middle. This aqueduct had ten feet water over our heads, and two feet of mud on the side. D'Alegre fell on me, and had nearly thrown me down; had that misfortune happened we were lost, for we had not strength enough left to get up again, and we must have been smothered. Finding myself laid hold of by D'Alegre, I gave him a blow with my fist, which made him let go; and at the same instant, throwing myself forward, I got out of the aqueduct. I then felt for D'Alegre, and getting hold of his hair, drew him to me; we were soon out of the fosse, and just as the clock struck five were on the high road. Penetrated by the same feeling, we threw ourselves into each other's arms, and after a long embrace we fell on our knees to offer our thanks to the Almighty, who had snatched us from so many dangers."

In conclusion, it may be well to give the particulars of the

death of the last Governor of the Bastille, M. de Launay. At the time the Parisian people made the attack upon the prison, he had but a small number of Swiss troops under his command, not enough to make a defence against a hundred thousand infuriated citizens, but enough with his advantageous position to kill a great many assailants. Afraid, therefore, to attempt a resolute defence, he was also too timid to surrender. In the meantime, the Swiss, from different parts of the building, evidently without any special orders, fired and killed in all thirty persons. Meantime the drawbridges were taken possession of, and the interior gained; the struggle was then short, and the place was for the first time since it was built—some centuries—in the hands of the people. The Swiss guards were soon dispatched, and the Governor, De Launay, from having on his person the badge of royalty, in trying to escape was made prisoner. Once in the street, the cry went up, "Take him to the Hotel de Ville!" towards which he was impelled, the people crying as he went along, "Hang the traitor!" De Launay became very much dejected as the cries against him increased, when finally a number of persons came up behind and thrust their swords and bayonets into his body. A young mechanic, wearing a dragoon cap, with a pocket knife cut off his head and erected it on a pole, when he was soon joined by a young man who had the head of the Provost of Merchants carried in the same manner; after parading these bloody trophies through the most public streets, both heads were taken to the Morgue, that they might be recognized, when De Launay's was instantly identified, much to the surprise of the young man who had it so long in his possession, and who was unaware until then that it was once on the shoulders of the last Governor of the Bastille!

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to know, that De Latude was present at the taking of the Bastille, and that among the curiosities long preserved in Paris as relics of the interior of the prison, were De Latude's rope ladders, which he finally obtained possession of as his personal property. The presence of these things confirmed in the minds of the public the particulars of his most remarkable escape from the dungeons of the Bastille.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, LESSEE.—The celebrated Tragedian

Mr. MCKEAN BUCHANAN, having recently returned from England, Australia and California, will appear in one of his favorite characters every evening. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7 o'clock. Prices of Admission, Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Fourth week of the immense success of the new, grand, and unsurpassed Fairy Pantomime,

BOREAS, with entirely new and original gorgeous Scenery, Machinery, Magical Changes, Tricks, Costumes, &c. THE RAVELS—THE ROLLA—THE MARZETTI. GABRIEL RAYEL ON THE TIGHT ROPE. To commence with a Ballet each evening. Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; the tier of Upper Boxes (entrance on Crosby street), 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5; Children to Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, half price. ALTERATION OF TIME.—Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET.

Miss Laura Keene. Sole Lessee and Directress. Now open for the season, with an able and efficient Stock Company. THE SEA OF ICE; OR, A MOTHER'S PRAYER. Doors open at 7. The performance will commence with the Overture at 7½ o'clock. Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.

Proprietor,.....Henry Wood. GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS respectfully announce to their patrons and the public in general that the above elegant structure is now open under the management of Henry Wood and George Christy, with an entirely new Programme. Stage Manager.....Sylvester Bleeker. Treasurer.....L. M. Winans. Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—New Dramatic Season.

With an Entirely New and superior Company. Every evening at half-past seven o'clock. Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c. Admission, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

OLYMPIC, 585 BROADWAY (late BUCKLEY'S), opposite Niblo's.

PRENDERGAST'S MINSTRELS. Open every evening with a choice company, consisting of Fifteen talented performers. Admission 25 cents to all parts of the house. Orchestra seats reserved for ladies and families without extra charge. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½.

EMPIRE HALL, No. 596 BROADWAY.—DR. KANE'S ARCTIC VOYAGES, magnificently Illustrated, and vividly portraying the sublime yet awful grandeur of the POLAR REGIONS,

with a description by Mr. WILLIAM MORTON, discoverer of the open Polar Sea. Dr. Kane's Arctic dresses, celebrated dog sled, rifle and other relics on view every evening at 8 o'clock; Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; children half price.

THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS by ARTISTS OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL is now open at THE OLD ART-UNION ROOMS, No. 497 BROADWAY, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and evenings from 7 to 10 o'clock. Admission 25 cents. Catalogues 12½ cents. Season Tickets 50 cents. B. FRODSHAM, Secretary.

AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART is now open in the new Galleries of the National Academy of Design, one door from Broadway, in Tenth street, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., and from 7 p. m. to 10. Admission 25 cents. Season Tickets 50 cents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written descriptions, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and everything will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Trulmer & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND EXCHANGERS.—We receive numerous complaints that the copies of our Paper and Magazine, addressed to our Subscribers and our Editorial Exchanges in distant parts of the country, are not received with regularity, and sometimes do not come to hand at all. We take the greatest care in our Mailing department, and all our Papers are regularly mailed here in strong wrappers with legible directions. We are confident the fault must lie with the offices of delivery, where, perhaps, young clerks like to read an interesting Pictorial Paper. If there are any such, and they will give us notice of the fact, we will gladly send them a copy, gratis, with the sole proviso that they will deliver those of our Subscribers and Editorial friends with punctuality. In the meantime, we beg our friends to bear with us as well as they can, for nothing is or shall be wanting on our part to enable them to get our publications.

THE OLD POLITICAL ISSUES AND THE NEW ONES.

THE result of the late elections in our State, so widely different from the returns one year ago, though doubtless owing in part to the absence of the exciting issues that attended the canvass of 1857, is probably due to deeper and more permanent causes than the simple subsidence of the Kansas question. The revulsion in financial matters that the country has lately experienced has had an important influence in producing these results, and had it occurred one year, or even less time, before the late Presidential election, it would probably have swept the ruling party from power, as was the case in 1840. As it is, the financial revulsion has swept away all the old political issues, and prepared the minds of men to consider new questions, of a more practical nature than the recent questions that have divided parties.

The material interests of the people and the Government are now first in order for contemplation. How the fiscal policy of the country will affect our domestic industry; what articles of consumption shall be the subjects of taxation for revenue purposes; how far the action of the Government should be directed to giving employment, through the public works, to the laboring classes during a time of need; whether a tariff policy to restrict foreign importations should be adopted; what course shall be pursued in relation to the public lands; and many others of that character, were the point of the revulsion of 1837, and are very likely to be brought up again, perhaps in a little different form, but with the same spirit and essence. The burial of the old and worn out issues will have the good effect of enabling the popular mind to concentrate itself on more productive questions, and this we believe to be a great gain.

Fully alive as we are to the advantage and even the necessity of a continued watchfulness of public affairs by the people, we cannot but think that times of great popular agitation are productive of evil. They take the attention of many from their legitimate employment; they create a class of men who seek a livelihood through agitation and the rewards of office; and they engender corruption in many places. At the same time, we have no desire to see a largely preponderating majority on either side. A nearly equal division of parties conduces to restrain all, and prevent that tyranny of party which would be oppressive and unjust to the minority. In this respect, therefore, the political change that has lately come over our State will perhaps produce a good effect, for it will teach the leaders of all parties how closely they are dependent upon the popular sanction of their actions.

But this political revulsion, following so closely upon the heels of the financial one, will not be limited to our own State. The whole country will participate in the one as it has in the other. Therefore, as the old issues are fast dying out, we are likely to have soon an Administration at Washington, with three years more to serve, elected upon a platform that is dead and rotten. As it will not be called upon to act to any great extent upon the old questions, it is evident that its course will have an important bearing upon the new division of parties. In this light the coming Message from Mr. Buchanan will be one of the most important ever issued in this country. It may dissolve all the existing ties of the present Democratic party, and furnish a new Shibboleth for political organizations. The Message and the coming Session of Congress will probably carve out the political issues of the next ten years, and these will be of great import to the whole world. We have ceased to be a small nation, and the questions that now affect us affect the entire area of civilization.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE question of employment for the numerous mechanics and laboring men that have been thrown out of employment by the recent commercial crisis, is beginning to assume fearful proportions in our city. Large bands of men who have no work are daily gathered together in the Park and other public places, where addresses are made to them, and in some cases these are not couched in very soothing language. We sympathize deeply with many of these men, who are really sufferers under the existing state of things, and would gladly contribute our humble exertions to alleviate their distress. But we cannot but believe that there are among them designing men who have other objects in view, in their inflammatory discourses, than the true relief of the unemployed. We notice that many of those who congregate at these meetings are persons who have come here from Europe, and they seem to entertain very different ideas of the duties and obligations of government from those which prevail in this country. However worthy these men may be of employment, it is not a part among the relations that the Government bears to the people that it shall give them labor. There seems to be a disposition also to turn these meetings to a political purpose, and we hope those who desire to do this will fail in their object. They are lighting a fire which afterwards it may be difficult to quench. We hope soon to see organized some systematic plan of relief in this city, for the winter that is now approaching presents a dreary prospect to the poor. In the meantime we trust that no undue course will be adopted by the unemployed, for food is abundant with us, and means of a peaceable character will distribute it far more rapidly and beneficially than a riot could possibly do.

CITY GOSSIP.

THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS AMONG YE.

THE mechanics, acting after the suggestions of Mayor Wood, are clamoring for work and for bread. They meet in large bodies in various parts of the city; they throng the City Hall, and they visit Wall street, pointing with strong denunciation to the banks, and fiercely denouncing them as the cause of their sufferings, significantly hinting that if the worst comes to the worst the "banks hold twenty millions of dollars." The leaders of these bands should be warned; a step beyond their present course becomes riot, and the National Guard have an ugly way of dealing with rioters. Some means to help the laboring classes will certainly be devised, but patience and forbearance must be exercised on all sides.

CASE OF MRS. WOODMAN.

We alluded to this case in our last issue. In our remarks we gave Mr. Gardner Furness credit for manliness of character in coming forward to the assistance of his victim; but the affidavit of Mrs. Woodman entirely changes the face of affairs, and places Mr. Furness' conduct in so detestable a light,

that we take back the small amount of commendation we bestowed, being convinced, if the affidavit be reliable, that we erred in supposing him capable of one manly or generous emotion. To ruin a woman, and then persecute, beat and degrade her, to obtain money to swagger about town with, is a phase of human meanness that beggars all terms to denote its utter despicableness.

Mrs. Woodman is free, and has left with her brother, for her father's house in Mississippi, where she will be perfectly safe from any future foraging visits of her persecutor.

POLICE COMMISSIONERS—SIMEON DRAPER.

After two or three hundred thousand ballots to fill the vacancy created in the board by Mr. Draper's resignation, we are happy to say that the remaining commissioners have filled the vacancy at last, and have elected—Mr. Simeon Draper, who has refused to serve, as the affair does not pay sufficiently well. We may now expect several hundred thousand more ballots, resulting probably in the election of another man who—"will not serve."

THE ELECTION.

It is a melancholy thing to observe how old and time-honored customs are going out of fashion! For some years past, we have had really jolly times at the elections—broken heads and whipped individuals flourished most plentifully, and every free and enlightened citizen had the privilege of depositing his votes in a dozen different districts. How changed the scenes now! Every man deposits his vote only once, alas! and goes about his business, and the Democratic ticket sweeps the entire city, and never a head broke! We live in degenerate days, but we still live in hopes that at the coming election in December we may have a row, if it is ever so gentle a row, for the honor of the old customs of the city that boasts of her "Dead Rabbits" and other kindred organizations.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ORDERS were sent on the 4th inst. to the Commander of the Cyane, now at Norfolk, to proceed forthwith to Cape Haytien, to ascertain and report to the Government the present condition of the captain and steward of the American bark seized by the Haytian authorities, and to use his best endeavors to have these men speedily liberated. If the Haytian authorities persist in holding them in custody, a sufficient force will be sent to enforce their liberation.

THE State Department is in receipt of despatches from Mr. Wm. Carey Jones, but nothing of importance relative to Central America. Mr. Jones is perambulating from place to place without accomplishing anything. The Administration have despaired of any good resulting from his mission, and speak of detaching some one to bring him home.

JUDGE SINCLAIR, recently appointed United States Associate Justice for Utah, left Washington for his new home.

GEN. HENNINGSEN arrived at Washington from New Orleans. He comes to see what the Administration are about. He reports Walker in flourishing condition, and constantly receiving accessions from various quarters. He will leave soon for New York.

GEN. WALKER, in a letter addressed to the Secretary of State, says, that "so far as any violation on his part of acts of Congress is concerned, he denies the charge with scorn and indignation, and will not so far forget his duty, as an officer of Nicaragua, as to violate the laws of the United States while enjoying hospitality within its limits. As the military organization is abandoned, about two thousand five hundred men from various Southern States have enrolled as emigrants to Nicaragua."

FORTY-SEVEN vessels, with about six hundred thousand bushels of wheat, are now afloat from the upper Lake ports for Oswego.

THE depot of the Illinois Central Railroad at Cairo, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night, the 1st inst. Four freight cars and the engine-house were included in property destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$200,000. Part of the depot was occupied by the agent of the company, the clerks and expressmen, who lost everything. A package of \$1,600 belonging to the express company was destroyed, and a package of the same amount, belonging to Adams, Graham & Co., was also destroyed. The amount of insurance is not ascertained.

RICHARD CARTER, President of the Anthracite Bank of Tamaqua, was shot dead on the 4th inst., in the parlor of the St. Lawrence Hotel, by Thomas Washington Smith, of Cecil county, Maryland. Smith fired first four balls from his revolver, and two more after Carter had fallen on the floor. Carter is a middle-aged man, wealthy, and has a family. Smith is aged thirty years, and was laboring under great excitement. Carter had accused Smith of the seduction of a ward or adopted daughter of his. Smith states that he met the girl at a boarding school, and married her. He subsequently discovered that she had been the mistress of Carter. She had a child four months after marriage. The shooting was in revenge.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE latest advices from Europe show a rather better feeling as regards financial affairs. There had been fear, if any, failure in England since the last accounts. There was a strong feeling of security in every department of trade, which may continue even after the news reaches England of our bank and railroad suspensions. The raising of the rate of discount to 8 per cent. by the Bank of England has for the present caused the flow of gold to this country. An immense amount of silver has been shipped for India, and it is probable that a much larger quantity will yet be called for.

No later advices had reached London from India up to the time of departure of the last steamer, but a telegraphic dispatch was hourly expected, and a very general confidence was felt that the news would be of the fall of Delhi, and the relief of Lucknow and the other besieged garrisons.

The recruiting in England is going on to an extent altogether incredible. The Duke of Cambridge speaks of it in the most encouraging terms, and it is believed that there will be no need of any foreign aid in regaining entire possession of India and punishing with terrible severity the brutal murderers of women and children. It is generally understood that the Pope is desirous to abdicate, and that he is equally desirous that Cardinal Wiseman should be his successor, he being, in the opinion of Pius, the only man equal to the requirements of the office. It is stated upon positive authority that the King of Delhi made propositions of surrender, through his subordinate authorities, to the military authorities.

The Turkish Ministry has been overthrown, and Reschid Pacha has been appointed Grand Vizier; Riza Pacha, Minister of War; Yassif Pacha, to the Imperial Guard, and Petri Pacha to the Artillery.

The Duke of Oporto, brother of the King of Portugal, is spoken of as the likely candidate to the throne of the United Principities.

A French despatch says that the Porte persists in the claim to the island of Perim, and refused the offered indemnity.

It is thoroughly understood that not only the Premier but all the members of the Cabinet have finally arranged for the recall of the present Governor General of India.

The nomination of Reschid Pacha as Grand Vizier is hailed as a triumph by the opponents of the Danubian Principities, and it is said now confidently that the Porte will be supported in his policy in the Principities by England and Austria.

A farewell demonstration was given to Neal Dow by the temperance men at Liverpool, on the 23d ult. He is a passenger per the Canada.

A Chartist conference, at which Mr. John Frost is to be asked to preside, is about to assemble in London for the discussion of the Reform bill, and the organization of measures for opening a new Chartist campaign.

Mr. Gladstone made a speech at Liverpool upon the educational question. He looked upon patronage as the curse and plague of the country, and hoped for the day when nearly every office will be held up in the face of the country for the best candidate.

Lord Macaulay has been elected High Steward of Cambridge.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

DIPLOMATIC JEALOUSY—THE SULTAN'S PLAYFUL REBUKE.

Now and then faint breezes of gossip reach us likewise from Constantinople—always, be it remarked, with reference to the all-absorbing Provinces; and the last wafted hither brought with it a curious story, illustrative of Oriental manners, which has amused us greatly. Whether true or not, it is a good tale in the telling, and we always receive such things in Paris without too much examination, and with the greatest gratitude. It seems the coolness which existed for some time between the English and French ambassadors had given great cause of annoyance to the Sultan, who, although divided in his sentiments, experienced the greatest desire to do equal justice to both. By turns, the Englishman and Frenchman both felt sure of the Sultan's favor, and by turns each one took upon himself the task of humbling and correcting the other.

On some late occasion of festivity at the Seraglio, entirely, be it remarked, of a private nature, the Sultan despatched to the English ambassador, as a token of his favor and affection, a most valuable *saphire*, richly ornamented with precious stones, and set in the purest gold. Of course, this marked and signal distinction became known throughout the city in less than a few hours, for so great is just now the Perote anxiety for news, that the smallest incident indicative of a preponderance in favor for one or the other of the great European Powers, is taken as a clear indication of some approaching concession about to be made upon the subject of the Danubian Principities. The intrigues to which this incident gave rise, the ill-humor of the other ambassadors, the gossip, the falsehoods which this unlucky present caused, can only be comprehended by those who have resided for any length of time within reach of the poisonous atmosphere of scandal in which the foreigners of Pera and the Greeks of the Fanas seem to live free and happy, as if it were the most congenial to their souls.

Of course, as may well be supposed, the observations most cutting of all came from the French Embassy, where no such favor had been shown; and one or two of these observations, the result of a childish spite, were repeated by some good-natured friend to the Sultan; and the tell-tale added, to render the story less cutting, while exaggerating its importance, "that in France these attacks were thought of little consequence, and were called simply the art of throwing stones in your neighbor's garden, and that M. de T—, although throwing his stones rather sharply, ought to be excused, since he had not hit anybody on the head." The Sultan was much amused at the expression, and

more so at the awkward patching up of the good-natured friend, but said nothing at the time; but on the morrow, to the great surprise of the whole French Embassy, a small box of red velvet arrived for M. de T., with a note, full of playful irony, in the handwriting so well known to the diplomatic circles of Paris, that of the Sultan's fair French secretary. They merely said that "Chaque pays a ses usages," and that, although the manners of the East were as far distant in politeness from those of France as Constantinople from Paris, yet the Sultan was humbly endeavoring, in his great desire to please the French, to imitate that charming urbanity and grace which distinguish the French nation above all others. But, at present, these efforts being still but clumsy and awkward, he hoped that M. de T. would receive as it was meant, in return for the stones he had thrown with his light Frankish hand into the garden of the Sultan, the accompanying *paré*, indicative of the want of grace and skill which must still for a while be characteristic of the attempts of an Eastern tyro in the polite arts, a perfect knowledge of which can only be acquired in Paris.

The annoyance experienced by M. de T. can well be imagined, for busy tongues had already conveyed the history of the tale-bearer and his heavy excuse; as well as the curiously expressed by the Sultan to know the exact meaning of the *paré* made use of. The box contained a splendid snuff-box, of the cubic square shape, known to *diplomates*, in the days of Louis Quinze, by the very name of *paré*, on account of their shape, being covered with diamonds on all sides, and of immense value. There can be no doubt that the fair secretary, being consulted, had suggested this piquant and graceful lesson. She is a lady well versed in history, and of a most charming wit, and knew perfectly well how great would be the wound inflicted by the Sultan's retort.

THE CARMELITE CONVENT IN PARIS—RELIGIOUS FANATICISM.

A curious event for the antiquary and historian has happened within the last few days in Paris, which had given an immense interest to the quarter of the Luxembourg. The convent of the Carmelites of the Rue d'Enfer having been pronounced by the city architects to be in urgent want of repair, the ladies of the convent were compelled to seek refuge with a sisterhood of the same order domiciled at the Barrière de l'Etoile. As the Carmelite ladies are strictly cloistered, the event of their removal created an immense sensation throughout the neighborhood; and at an early hour a crowd of individuals had assembled at the gate of the convent, eager to catch a glimpse of the cloistered Carmelites, about whom so many wild stories are afloat.

The sisters of the Rue d'Enfer are about seventy in number. Many are reported to be of the greatest age. Two of them have reached the term of one hundred years, while many die during the first year of their probation, which shows that the human constitution, when strong enough to get accustomed to privation, can be made to endure all things. One of the ladies was pointed out to us as remarkable for her fish-like power of supporting pain. It was said that for more than thirty years she had worn a cord fastened so tightly round her waist that it had completely entered the flesh, which had, in many places, grown over it, and that, having been compelled by illness to consent to the request of the superior, and consult a doctor, the latter had been the first to discover the extraordinary penance to which the poor nun had been submitting herself, and had peremptorily ordered its cessation.

The rule of the Carmelites is more severe than any other; the members of this order being forbidden to wear linen—to eat any description of animal food—or even indulge in any other luxury in the way of vegetable diet than that of roots; and, oh! worse than all, to open their mouths in speech at any other hour of the day than that of noon. Yet with all this, strange to say, that although free by the French law to break their vow at the end of every three years, not one example has yet been found of any desire to take advantage of this privilege.

The tomb of Madame de la Vallière, who died in the convent, was seen for a few days during the removal of the ladies. It is a plain and simple monument. The effigy in marble of the "Penitent Sinner" is kneeling on the tomb, and the face has so much identity of expression that the beholder feels at once convinced of the likeness it must possess to the original. The tomb has never been beheld by profane eyes since the great Revolution, and it may be sixty years longer before it may be visible again.

MOBILIC ITEMS.

The situation of the 20,000 Europeans, chiefly French or of French extraction, at the Mauritius, who are left with only two companies of infantry to protect them among 200,000 Hindoos and emancipated negroes, excites very serious apprehensions.

English papers state that the old ship Investigator, in which Capt. Cook circumnavigated the globe, has been removed to Deptford Dockyard, to be broken up. She has for many years past been moored off Somerset House, and used as a river police station.

A NAVAL MILITIA.—The British Government have lately taken an important step towards providing a supply of trained seamen for time of war. In the late conflict with Russia, the Lords of the Admiralty found themselves greatly embarrassed to obtain men; and Admiral Lord Berkeley was forced to confess, that if it had been a maritime war, the difficulty would have been apparently almost insurmountable. The seamen actually enrolled—nearly 10,000 less than were called for—were in great part raw hands from the shore, and but faint imitations of the ready British sailor, whose high reputation has been gained in many a terrible sea-fight. The Government have now determined to organize a volunteer coast force, consisting of seafaring men, enlisted for twenty-eight days' drill and training in naval gunnery during the year, and paid a small sum, with free provisions and uniforms.

A rumor prevails in England that the Queen intends to confer the honor of knighthood on all archbishops and bishops, so that their wives may have the title of ladies. An order in Council would answer the purpose equally well, and be more in accordance with public taste.

A STEAMER-NEWSPAPER.—Among other innovations which the mammoth steamer Great Eastern is about to inaugurate, will be the publication of a daily newspaper on board for the benefit of the travelling public—the regular "public" of travellers whom she may be carrying across the ocean.

The Brazilian Government lately offered for competition to the whole world the execution of an equestrian statue of Peter the First. A sum of \$500 was offered for the three best models; and \$50,000 to the successful competitor on the execution of the statue; the money to be paid in four instalments, one-fourth of it in anticipation.

Mr. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, says that during the last twenty years he has paid \$25,000 for advertising, \$13,000 for bill-printing, and \$4,600 for bill-posting.

Mr. Strickland, a noted actor of old men's parts, and husband of the well-known Fanny Strickland, has followed the example of Mr. Sheridan Knowles, by becoming a preacher of the Gospel. He is making a sensation in the neighborhood of New York.

M. Emile Olivier, of the opposition candidates recently elected for Paris, is about to marry Mlle. Litz, the daughter of the celebrated pianist.

The Florentine Academy of Arts have taken measures for the formation of a joint stock company, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, which is to be expended in procuring certain great works of sculpture for some of the Italian cities. Among the proposed works are several statues of American Vespucci, who was a Tuscan by birth.

A report by Prince Napoleon on the Great Exhibition of 1855 has appeared. The total number of visitors was 5,162,000, the receipts £116,000, and the expenses nearly three times as much.

It appears that, in accordance with an ancient custom, or, as the Recorder says, "a right," the Lord Mayor is entitled to receive eight bucks annually from the Crown. At the Court of Aldermen, a short time ago, the Lord Mayor complained that, although he had made application for the bucks, he had not received them. At Erman Rose also complained that he did not receive the bucks when he was Sheriff. This comic question was referred to a committee, who are to inquire and report.

The Emperor of Russia is said to be making extensive additions to his library, and to have purchased, among other things, a complete collection of specifications of patents granted in England since 1617, amounting to 25,000.

It has been stated that a gallery, to be occupied by paintings of the Crimean war, is to be formed in the Palace of Versailles. It is to consist of two large rooms; one, called the Alma saloon, is to contain paintings representing the battles of the Alma, Inkermann, the attacks on the Crimea, and the other events in the first part of the siege. The other, called the Malakoff saloon, is to contain paintings of the principal events in the second part of the siege, which ended by the capture of the Malakoff.

There is a gossiping report that the Dowager Empress of Russia has spent £5,000,000 since the death of the Czar, or within a very short period.

LITERARY.

Waverley Novels, Household Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The two volumes before us contain the romantic and ever popular story of "Ivanhoe." Those of our readers who perused it years ago, will say with us that it is, of all the glorious Waverley Novels, the one which exerted the greatest influence upon the imagination. Its high-toned chivalry, its gallant feats of arms, its daring sieges, its passionate love passages, its dealings with an age renowned by the poets for its spirit of romance, when during courage covered a multitude of sins and had a multitude of sins to cover, and noble knights carried the colors of their lady loves into the thickest of the fight, and paid devoted and implicit duty to the Queen of Beauty. Such were the elements in "Ivanhoe," that threw a spell of enchantment over every ardent youthful imagination—a spell whose charm scarcely dies out with the lapse of time. We read it now with a sobered judgment and a tempered enthusiasm, but the spirited life-like picture of a bygone age still exerts an irresistible charm. Ticknor & Fields' Household Edition of Walter Scott's Novels is not only beautiful in respect to form, typography, paper, engravings and binding, but it has the crowning recommendation for a popular household work—it is as cheap as well as beautiful. We can justly bestow upon it the warmest encomiums, and commend it cordially to our readers. The Household Edition is for sale by Robert Carter & Co., New York.

WALKER, or Adventures on the Mosquito Shore. By SAMUEL A. BARD. With Sixty Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, 39 & 41 Pearl street.

This is a light, pleasant, gossiping book about a country at this time prominently before the world, and tells its story in an off-hand, flashing manner, which we read with ease and with real pleasure. The work abounds in personal adventures, many of them of an exciting interest; it also depicts the habits, manners and idiosyncrasies of a strange people, and gives a clear and vivid picture of their customs, and of their social, political and religious position. We were greatly interested in the narrative, for it is well sustained,

and contains much to amuse and much to enlighten us upon all that concerns the celebrated Mosquito Shore, and its mixed and singular population. It is understood in literary circles that the name "Samuel A. Bard" is merely a nom de plume, and that the real author is E. L. Brace, whose name, in all that concerns South American countries, would be a guarantee of the correctness of the statements. But be the author who he may, "Walker" is a capital book, excellent in its matter, capably illustrated, and every way worthy of the patronage of the reading public. We commend it to our readers. It is brought out in excellent style by Harper & Brothers.

MARTIN CHUZLEWIT. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Twenty-eight Illustrations, from designs by PHILIP AND CRUIKSHANK. In Two Volumes. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 306 Chestnut street.

Mr. Peterson has brought out all the works of Dickens in a uniform edition, with all the original English illustrations, and without any abridgement. Martin Chuzzlewit is one of the most famous of Dickens' novels; to say nothing of the ingenuity of the plot and the many striking characters it develops, there are two or three characters that will never be forgotten. Among these stands out in strong relief the immortal "Pecksniff," that type of "respectable cant" so common in society, and so easily recognised by its wondrously faithful portraiture. This character alone would redeem any book. The work is brought out in a most excellent style by Mr. Peterson, and the universal popularity of the author commands for them a large and constant sale. It is hardly necessary for us to recommend them to our readers.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA, FOURTEENTH STREET.—The winter season at this establishment commenced last Monday evening, Nov. 24, when Rossini's celebrated opera of "Semiramide" was produced with a powerful cast, which was as follows: Semiramide, Madame La Grange; Arsace, Madame D'Angri; Idreno, Signor Labocetta; Assuro, Signor Gassier; and Oro, Signor Fortini. There was a very fair attendance considering the state of the times, and as no complimentary tickets were given, we presume that there was a fair cash return. At all events the beginning was far more brilliant than we hoped for, and we accept it as a good augury of success in the future. The opera was produced in very excellent style as regards dresses and appointments, and the scenery was excellent as usual, but of its appropriateness the less said the better. It is hardly worth while at this time to say anything about Rossini's music, still we cannot but remark that with all its beauties, the more we hear it the more soulless it appears to us. Passages, passages, nothing but passages, outside glitter and a real depth.

Madame La Grange sang the music with her accustomed brilliancy, but she did not indulge her hearers with one pure, steady, unbrokenly sustained note. She trembled on the minims, and she trembled on the demi-semiquavers, in fact no note was so short but Madame La Grange managed to tremble upon it. This carelessness or affectation, or what you will, has been growing upon her for some time, and we should like to see it remedied. It is not artistic, and it is extremely unpleasant. It is not a necessity with her, for we have heard her go through an entire performance without indulging in this absurd mannerism, so that we hope she will give up this disagreeable eccentricity and come back again to the style of excellence which won her the high reputation she enjoys.

Madame D'Angri achieved a splendid success as Arsace. She dressed superbly and looked most beautiful. It was a luxury to listen to her rendering of the music. Her emphatic and earnest manner gave a character to the ornate music, which, rendered by an inferior artist, would have been mere dazzling prettiness. She invested it with a sentiment and passion we never thought it capable of, and made it indeed a new creation. She is, in good truth, one of the most thorough and finished artists we have ever had among us. Her execution is simply perfect; it is uttered with incredible rapidity, with the smooth flow of oil, and the separate distinctness of water drops. Her voice, which is only less beautiful than Alboni's, is entirely under her control, is always true and unvarying in its pitch. D'Angri proved herself on Monday evening the great artist at she is, and excited the enthusiasm of the audience, which expressed itself in loud and hearty plaudits.

Gassier sang admirably. His music is extremely florid and difficult, and his execution of it was all that could be desired. The same must be said of Labocetta. Signor Fortini did not shine to advantage—indeed he did not shine at all.

The choruses were well executed, but the orchestra was by no means as good as usual. Its performance was generally ineffective, and sometimes soverly. The violins are exceedingly weak, and such as they were hardly discernible in the full orchestra. Anchuth must look to his laurels. He must keep his men to their work, for with the material at his command there is no excuse for a mediocre performance.

On Wednesday evening Verdi's opera of "Rigoletto" was produced to an excellent house. This opera was first produced under the management of Ole Bull and Max Maretzek. It was not a success then, although it was brought out in excellent style, with new scenery, dresses and good vocal artists; and we believe, judging from unmistakable signs on Wednesday evening last, that it never will be a favorite with a New York audience. The music in the three first acts is irredeemably dull—one or two effective pieces being only observable during a dreary waste of over two hours. The quartette in the fourth act is the only really great piece in the opera, and it is its redemption point. Its construction is very ingenious; the blending of the opposing passions—the wild despair and deadly hate on one hand, and the passionate love and subtle coquetry on the other—is painted by a master hand. The melody, too, is exquisitely graceful and passionate. It is a work that musicians contemplate with pleasure, and the public take hold of at once. It is so full of action that it hardly admits of an encore; but its repetition is always demanded, and the demand, as in this instance, is unfortunately complied with. Absurd as an encore is in such a situation, we can hardly blame the public for asking for a repetition of one thing they like, after enduring three acts of uninteresting tediousness.

The chief point of attraction on this occasion was the first appearance of the new tenor, Signor Bignardi. No fuss had been made about the new tenor, but it was rumored about that he was an excellent artist, besides having a fine voice and being a handsome man. For once, rumor did not lie. Signor Bignardi is a handsome and well formed man; his voice is pure and charming in quality, of full compass and of great power. It is thoroughly cultivated, and he uses it with the judgment and skill of an accomplished artist. While using its greatest power, there is a refinement which forbids that power degenerating into bawling. He exhibits fine taste, and possesses passion, tenderness and energy. He is, in short, a notable artist—one who is destined, and deserves to be a great favorite in this country, possessing all the requisites so rigidly demanded here, of fine voice, artistic excellence, and handsome personal appearance. His singing throughout the opera was worthy of all praise, and won from the audience repeated marks of approbation. But he was most admired in the quartette in the fourth act; indeed, we could not conceive anything more impassioned, graceful and tender. He was called out quite a number of times—more frequently than we ever remember any other artist to have been similarly honored heretofore.

Signor Taffanelli undertook the part of Rigoletto, the jester. He was a sorry jester so far as joking is concerned. He would hardly have passed for a humorous underlayer. His master, the Duke, must have had but an indifferent conception of a jester when he engaged so laconic a Merry Andrew. Seriously speaking, Signor Taffanelli did the best he could with a character which was ill suited to his powers, and sang with much ease and considerable effect. Signorina Frezzolini presented us with a very dramatic reading of the character of "Gilda," and sang the quartette with admirable power and spirit. Madame Strakosch, in the little she had to do, was, as usual, excellent.

"Semiramide" was repeated on Friday evening, in consequence of the indisposition of Mlle. Frezzolini. The house was good and the performance gave great satisfaction. Madame D'Angri was great. On Monday, the 9th, Verdi's ever popular opera, "Il Trovatore," was produced with the following splendid cast: Leonora, Madame De La Grange; Azucena, Madame D'Angri; Il Trovatore, Signor Bignardi; Count De Luna, Signor Ardavani, his first appearance; and Fernando (for this time only), Signor Gassier.

HERB FORMER.—This celebrated artist has arrived, and will shortly make his appearance at the Academy of Music, both in opera and in grand oratorio.

DRAMA.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—The famous Ronzani Ballet Troupe terminated a successful engagement of several weeks at this establishment, on the 6th inst. Notwithstanding the badness of the times, this company has proved sufficiently attractive to make a profit to the management. The Ronzani Ballet Company open in Boston this week.

Mr. McKen Buchanan opened on the 9th, in the character of King Lear. He was supported by the best strength of Barry's Boston company, and a host of artists from Philadelphia.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—The fair manager of this popular establishment has made, like Mrs. Chick, a great effort, and has succeeded in attracting the public attention. She has produced in magnificent style the famous dramatic spectacle, "The Sea of Ice." This piece has been produced two or three times at different theatres, but never with a decided and active success until now. The plot of the piece we detailed when it was brought out at the Broadway Theatre. It is not worth while to repeat it. Suffice it to say that it is essentially melodramatic, full of startling and powerful incidents, and affords many situations of wonderful scenic and mechanical effects. The management has taken advantage of the incidents to produce one of the most attractive spectacles yet brought out in this city. All the resources of the establishment have been called into action, and no expense has been spared to achieve grand and startling results.

The characters are sustained by the principal artists of the theatre, adding, as may well be conceived, very materially to the general perfection of the whole performance. We find in the cast, Miss Laura Keene, Miss Wells, Miss Thompson, Mr. Messrs. George Jordan, Jefferson, Stoddart, Peters, Duncan, &c. The orchestra has a great deal to do, which is, of course, well done under the direction of Thomas Baker. We are glad to say that the "Sea of Ice" has proved a great success, and will in all probability run for many weeks to come.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—A great gala time commences at this establishment this week. The occasion is no less than a union of the famous Gabriel Ravel with his brothers, Jerome and Antoine. They will unite their forces, and will renew the old associations and the old attraction. Gabriel Ravel is a universal favorite. In his department he is altogether unequalled, and we cannot but congratulate both the management and the public on this most welcome addition to the strength of the company at Niblo's popular place of amusement. He will

make his first appearance in his famous character of Roquinet in "M. Dechaulmeun," and will also dance his celebrated Hungarian Polka on the tight rope. There will be a crowded time at Niblo's Garden this week.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The enterprising managers of the Museum have organized a large and competent dramatic company for the performance of first-class domestic dramas and other amusing pieces. A series of attractive novelties will be brought forward in rapid succession, and no efforts will be spared to render this department of the Museum's attractions as perfect as usual. Mrs. Charles Howard and Mr. H. Watkins are among the leading members.

WOOD'S BUILDING.—George Christy & Wood's Minstrels continue their career of unexampled success at their new and elegant hall. We hardly dare say how many thousands of people have visited them since they removed from their old quarters; but the number is almost fabulous. They are in the full tide of a new and great success.

EMPIRE HALL, 506 BROADWAY.—This Exhibition of Dr. Kane's Arctic Voyages has made a great hit. It is one of the most interesting exhibitions that we have ever seen, and is well worthy a visit from every one of refined taste and also from the general public, for it is of vivid and exciting interest. It attracts full and fashionable audiences.

OLYMPIC, 885 BROADWAY.—The new and excellent company of Negro Minstrels, organized by Frederickagast, are still holding forth their merry meetings at the Olympic. They are becoming popular, and a little time will place them in a position of permanent success.

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

THE St. Paul (Minnesota) Advertiser says at the present time there are not less than \$600,000 of overdue and protested paper deposited by eastern creditors in the banks of that city; that the indebtedness in St. Paul to banks alone, due or to become due in the next six months, is \$750,000 more; while the eastern indebtedness of the merchants and others to mature in the same period, is \$1,200,000. That is, the city owes \$2,500,000, of which \$1,500,000 is due to the east. Other towns in the territory are similarly involved.

German and Italian emigration is said to be on the increase. During nine months of the year 23,353 emigrants have embarked at Havre alone, an increase of 7,000 above the previous year.

The Beverly Bank was chartered in 1802, and is one of the oldest banks in Massachusetts. The Salem Register says it has always maintained the best of reputations. So much confidence, it adds, has been felt in its soundness, that its bills have been treasured as hoards of specie, many cases having been known where bills have been kept on hand for a series of years. During the last year, among other old bills redeemed, was one seven dollar bill, of the emission of 1802.

Near Heart Grove, Illinois, a person can stand upon an eminence, and at one view see upwards of 30,000 acres of growing corn. Four years ago the same ground was an unbroken prairie.

A Wisconsin correspondent of the Rochester Union states that, in going from Prairie du Chien to La Crosse, a few days ago, a singular scene was presented on the steamboat. At one end of the long saloon, a clergyman was preaching to a small crowd gathered around him; in the middle, gambling was in busy progress; and at the other extremity of the saloon there was music and dancing!

At Jacksonville, Florida, the yellow fever is said to be raging fatally, there having been fifty deaths since the 1st of October. In consequence, the streets of the town were deserted, the court had adjourned, and a day of fasting and prayer had been observed. The latest accounts, however, report a sudden abatement in the disease.

In Paris, a boy three years and a half old deliberately stabbed his nurse to the heart with a large knife, because she had displeased him.

The statement of the business of the Philadelphia mint, for the month of October, shows the amount of gold bullion deposited to be \$3,157,046, and of silver \$685,510. Old cents deposited in exchange for new, \$846. Making the total for deposits for the month \$3,844,410. The gold coinage during the same time was \$2,562,140, nearly the whole of which was in double eagles. The silver coinage amounted to \$808,350, mostly in quarter and half dollars. There were coined during the month \$15,600 of new cents. The total value of the coinage of the month is \$3,383,090, covering 5,472,082 pieces, of which 2,400,000 were in quarter dollars, and 1,860,000 in cents.

The list of vessels lost or partially wrecked during the month of October is a large one. It comprises 18 steamers, 44 ships, 30 barks, 27 brigs, and 70 schooners; making a total of 189 vessels, the estimated loss on which is \$2,246,600.

Chester Cass, a pedlar, was run over by his own team and instantly killed, at Easton, Pennsylvania, a few days since; he was a native of Connecticut, and said to be worth \$60,000, amassed in his trade.

Mr. McLoesky, a gentleman worth \$150,000, dying in Paris, left \$60,000 to a niece in Dubuque, Iowa. The niece or legatee died on the same day as the testator. If the hour of her death preceded his, the legacy lapsed; if it succeeded his, the legacy is vested in her. The time of their decease was so nearly identical that it is supposed it will have to be determined by the difference between solar and true time, the legacy thereby depending upon a question of longitude.

It was rumored last week that a run would probably be made upon the Salina Bank, whereupon a crowd of Salt Pointers gathered around the doors of the institution, threatening personal chastisement and riding on a rail to all who attempted to embarrass the bank. The run was not made.

It is stated that there is no less than 25,000,000 bushels of grain in store in Chicago, but not more than 1,000,000 will be brought forward previous to the closing of the canal, for want of money to send it on.

Rev. Mr. Shields, of Iowa, having been silenced by the Presbytery of Des Moines for marrying a woman who had been divorced by the laws of Iowa, appealed to the Synod, and his appeal was sustained. The Synod expresses its opinion that the action of the Presbytery was correct in form, and suggested by a laudable zeal in the service of the church; and although sustaining Mr. Shields, does not approve of his marriage.

The United States steamer Corwin has had new boilers put in at the Morgan Works, and her machinery has been overhauled. She has been taken to the Navy Yard, to complete repairs. Prof. Baché, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, has decided to examine, by the aid of the Corwin, the wreck of the bark Byron, in the lower bay, its location, and how far it obstructs navigation, and threatens the safety of vessels. If found practicable, this obstruction, with some others, will probably be removed under direction of the Superintendent. The pilot report that the wreck lies in mid-channel, and that shoal water is rapidly forming about the wreck.

On Thursday afternoon, the 6th inst., a box was seen floating in the Harlem River, in the vicinity of Ninety-fourth street. Two men brought the box to shore by means of a row-boat, and there being no address upon it, they opened it, when a dead body was found inside. The body was that of a man, and much decomposed. Coroner Gamble held an inquest on it, but no testimony could be elicited tending to identify the body, and a verdict was rendered of "Death from causes unknown to the jury." Some excitement prevailed in the neighborhood.

Corn is offered at twenty-three cents a bushel by the farmers along the Wabash Valley, deliverable at their own expense in Vincennes, Indiana.

The body of a man who had been run over and killed by the cars on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, was found a few days since. When found, a dog was sitting and watching the corpse, and it was with difficulty that any one could approach the body—the faithful animal driving off all who came near the body of its master.

A lady in Holmes county, Miss., hung herself a short time since, from mortification on account of her husband having been caught playing cards with a negro.

A man and his wife in Rochester, New York, had a quarrel and parted in anger, the wife asking their two young children and leaving the house. The next morning the two children were found drowned in a mill race, clasped in each other's arms. The mother has not been seen since, and it is supposed she too was drowned, but that her body has not been swept into the Lake. Of course it is supposed that there was a double murder and a suicide.

A company of Swiss have recently bought a tract of 20,000 acres of land near Cannelton, Indiana, and intend to settle on it, having a town for the transaction of their business near the centre, on the bank of the river, and dividing the remainder of the tract into farms.

A woman's life was curiously preserved by her husband in Staffordshire, England, last ly, by the process of transfusion. She lay at the point of death, when, as a last resource, a vein was opened in her arm and one in the arm of her husband, and as the blood flowed from the latter it was transmitted by suitable apparatus in the veins of the wife. After seventeen ounces had been thus injected, the pulse became perceptible, and the colorless lips reddened, the glassy eye brightened, and she thankfully said, "I am better." The case has progressed very favorably, and the woman is recovering.

The Toronto Colonist states that a very large number of free blacks in Upper Canada have offered to form a regiment for service in India.

A Fredericksburg merchant went to Carolina Court on a certain occasion with \$100 note of a certain denomination. Shortly after he got on the green he paid it over to a farmer. The farmer soon discharged an indebtedness to some one else, and thus the note kept on its mission of liquidation until near the heel of the evening, when it was again paid back to the same merchant who took it there, and he brought it back to Fredericksburg. Having the curiosity to trace its workings, he found that \$1,000 worth of debts had been paid by that \$100 note on a single day.

The rowdies made an attack on a Roman Catholic church in Baltimore on the 31st ult., breaking the windows, and otherwise injuring it.

The capital of Iowa has been changed from Iowa City to Des Moines.

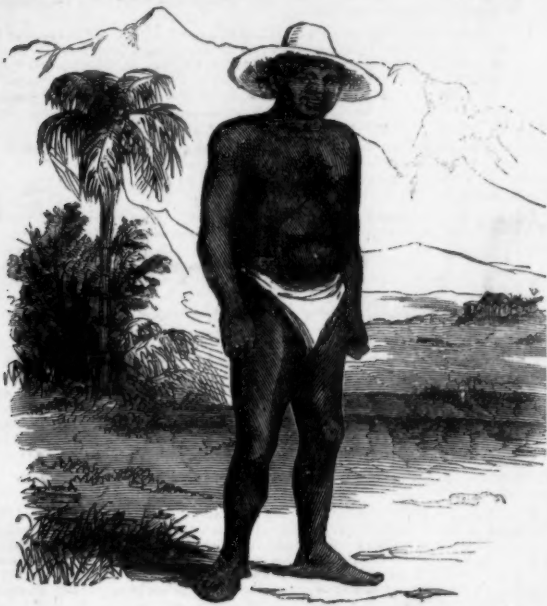
MANY of our common proverbs, to which we have given a local habitation and a name, are in fact borrowed from other countries. "You carry coals to Newcastle," might seem to claim John Bull for its father; but the sentiment had existed for ages before John Bull himself was born. "You carry oil to a city of olives," is a Hebrew proverb, that has been in use for three thousand years; and "You carry pepper to Hindostan," is an Eastern adage of perhaps as great antiquity.

TABOGA AND THE PEARL ISLANDS.

A TRIP BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

THE bongo was built on the most antediluvian principles, being, in short, a clumsy overgrown canoe, with a crablike propensity to make leeway, and very little alacrity in going ahead. It was fortunate that the wind was very light, and the sea smooth, for ere half way across to Taboga, we found that, being through neglect of the sailors insufficiently ballasted, she was incapable of carrying sail. We could only venture to make a cautious use of the foresail so long as the breeze was right aft; nor was she, in lieu of ballast, furnished with the logs of balza wood, fixed to each of her sides, which are used as a pair of lateral buoys. This wood is as light as cork, and when fixed in the manner described, renders it almost impossible for a boat to get her gunwale under water. We luckily reached Taboga landing, without accident, about ten at night, and next day the necessary ballast was supplied, as well as the balza logs.

A very good idea may be formed of the stormless character of the Bay of Panama and adjacent coasts, from the manner in which these bongoes are fitted out and navigated. A vine tendril is the cable, and a large stone the anchor, on which they rely. Yet losses are very rare, and much of the country trade of Panama is carried on in bongoes thus equipped. Being incapable of sailing close to the wind, these boats are invariably anchored in head-winds. If by any chance blown out to sea, they

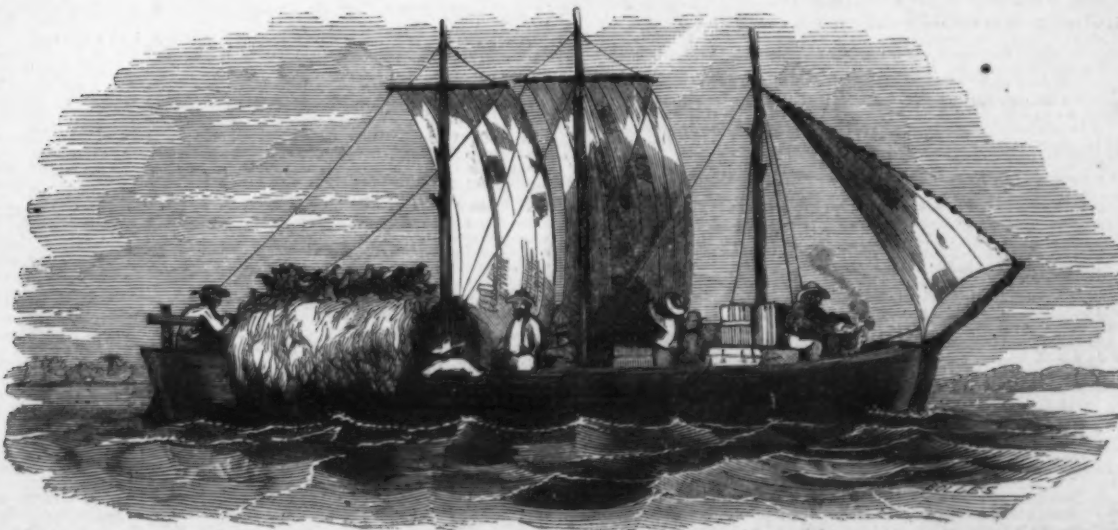


THE BEST PEARL DIVER OF SAN MIGUEL.

seldom return; hence the Panamanian sailor dreads the open ocean, and hugs the shore as closely as he can.

During our stay at Taboga, a strict watch was kept over the boat and its contents. The place contained numerous gamblers and other suspected persons, who had been warned out of Panama, and in this their temporary place of exile, for want of more profitable victims, endeavored to victimize each other at the gaming table, and would have scrupled very little to appropriate our boxes of specie, had they got a chance. In the hotel where we lived there were a few of this description, and two of them evinced a great desire to join our expedition, which request we declined, giving them very vague and erroneous statements as to our intended route, but letting them know that we were well provided with revolvers, and knew how to use them. The innkeeper, a runaway negro, was doing a good business in catering for the vessels in the bay, and by him we were put upon our guard against the intentions of those gentlemen who were so desirous to join the expedition.

Taboga is the seaport of Panama—inconveniently distant, however. A small steamer usually plies between the two places, and probably pays well. There are several good hotels and boarding establishments on the island. A walk along the beach, under the shadow of orange, tamarind and cocoa-nut trees, is a pleasant exercise in the afternoon; and by following a romantic little stream, which leaps down from the interior of the island in a succession of little cascades, forming here and there deep, cool and glassy pools, wherein sable naiads disport themselves, we attain an agreeable view and a cool bath, one of the chiefest of luxuries under the fierce tropical sun of Taboga.



OUR CORRESPONDENT'S BUNGO.



TABOGA ISLAND, THE TRUE HARBOR OF PANAMA, FROM TABOQUILLA.—F

Several very neat wooden buildings were pointed out to me as the residences of officers connected with the steamship companies, who lay up their vessels at Taboga, between trips or for repairs.

It is proverbial that travellers see strange sights: they also encounter strange specimens of the genus *homo*. We met at this place a learned doctor who had travelled extensively in the equatorial region of South America. He had a singular theory respecting the origin of the Gulf Stream, which I shall mention for the edification of Lieut. Maury: "The Gulf Stream, sir," he said, in the dogmatic style of one who is thoroughly posted up, "is the water of the Pacific passing under the Isthmus by a subterranean channel, and mixing, or rather flowing through the Atlantic Ocean, until gradually cooled and mixed with it." The location of this interesting tunnel he could not determine; but was quite certain that the Gulf Stream could not be accounted for in any other way. Like a good many others, this theorist was determined to adapt nature to his own theory, and assume necessity for its basis in the absence of fact. He knew, also, all about the canal question, and foretold that our intended exploration would prove a failure; in fact,

"The more he talked the more the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew."

May his shadow never be less!

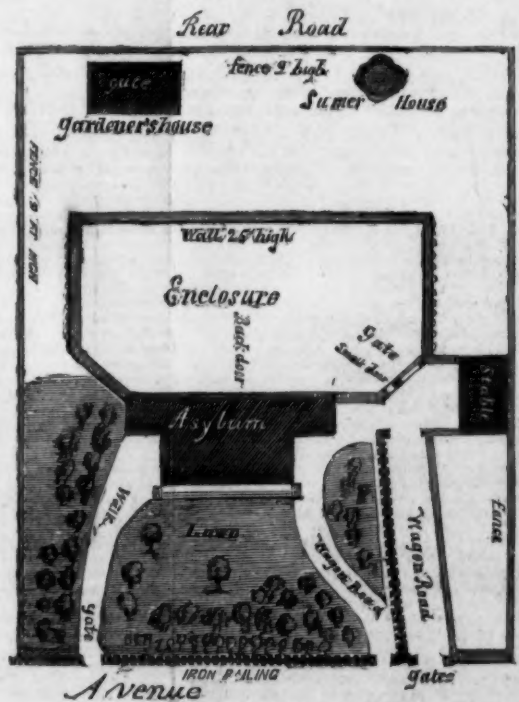
Two hours before dawn we stood out of the anchorage at Taboga, doubtless to the disappointment of many of our friends of the "Chevaliers d'Industrie," who had evinced so deep an interest in our movements.

After two days of tedious navigation, with light, baffling winds, we reached the Pearl Islands, about forty miles south-west of Panama; and winding through several narrow and picturesque channels, finally anchored in front of the little Pueblo—or village of San Miguel—on the island of that name, which is by far the largest of the group, nearly oval in form, with a length of eight or nine miles. In the village there is an ancient dilapidated church and a few houses of stone and clay, the remainder being cane-built edifices. In these islands the cultivation of every tropical production would be easy; but excepting cocoa-nuts and a few plantains, nothing is cultivated, not even corn enough to feed pigs and poultry, which we, consequently, found to be very dear. The people even offered to purchase some of our fowls at eighty cents a piece. The population of the islands consists of about two thousand, and it is as poor and ignorant as Spanish domination could make it.

Several of these islands were for sale at what we thought a moderate price, and might, under certain circumstances, be a profitable acquisition to a company. Like nearly all oceanic groups not of the coral formation, these islands are of igneous or volcanic origin. They are densely covered with vegetation, and present numerous valuable cocoa-nut groves along the shore. The climate is unexceptionable. Bathed in the most transparent atmosphere, they recall the poetic description conveyed in the following lines to the "Southern wind:"

"Oh! Southern wind!
Long hast thou lingered 'midst those islands fair,
Which lie like jewels in the Indian deep,
'Mid green waves, all asleep,
Fed by the summer sun and azure air."

The inhabitants neglect everything but the pearl fishery. found them to be polite and communicative. They readily exhibited their pearls, some of which appeared to be of superior quality, but the best specimens had very lately been bought by Frenchmen who visit the island periodically for that purpose. The fishing is carried on in a very simple manner. Two negroes sally forth in a canoe, anywhere round the islands, and take by turns the duty of diving, using a strong bladed knife to detach the clusters of shells from the bottom. The pearl diver, when he requires to renew the air in his lungs, re-ascends, carrying with him to the surface as many shells as possible. These are opened



PLAN OF THE GROUNDS ATTACHED TO SANFORD HALL, WHERE MRS. WOODMAN WAS CONFINED.

by his comrades; the pearls, if any, are carefully deposited in a little wooden box of cylindrical shape, and the shells set aside to increase the pile at home, being worth ten dollars per thousand.

I saw an individual who was said to be the best diver in San Miguel. He was a merry, broad-faced and deep-chested little fellow. "How happens it," I said to him, "that you never leave any of your legs and arms behind you, for I observe that sharks are very numerous round San Miguel?" "Ah," he replied, "the Padre takes care of that. Once a year the people go out in canoes, and the Padre pronounces a blessing, and tells the sharks that San Miguel has the divers under his protection, so the sharks are frightened and do us no harm."

And for this you are doubtless very grateful to the good San Miguel?"

"Por cierto, señor, without his protection we would not be safe for a moment."

"But how would it be with Protestants, should they become pearl divers?"

"Ah, señor, that is different. I rather think San Miguel don't concern himself with the affairs of any but good Catholics."

This he said with a suppressed smile, as if he appreciated the difference between the creeds, but was too polite to express his thoughts on the matter.

Such, theologically and practically, is the pearl fishery. It is for the countrymen of that genius who invented wooden nutmegs to improve upon it. The field of enterprise is new, and not soon to be exhausted, for the bottom of the sea, where the depth



BOGA ISLAND, THE TRUE HARBOR OF PANAMA, FROM TABOGUILLA.—FROM A SKETCH RECENTLY TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.

"Oh! Southern wind!
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jewels in the Indian deep,
yes, all asleep,
summer sun and azure air."
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s not over twenty feet, is literally paved with pearl oysters all round and between the islands. They also abound along the neighboring coast, especially off the promontory of Punto Marzo, and in the harbor of Puerto Pinas, which we subsequently explored. The locality last named is said to produce occasionally pearls of great value.

The gem which is known to be a product of disease in the pearl oyster is not its only claim to notice. The mollusk itself is not so palatable as are his distant relatives so well known in New York, but being an organic compound of alimentary matter, capable of nourishing and building up the human frame, it has a just right to a place among the elements of diet, and it is the principal food of the islanders. When dried in the sun it retains its nutritious qualities unimpaired. If it is less savory and delicious than those which New Yorkers delight in, it has the merit of being five or six times as heavy. There can be no famine at San Miguel whilst this illimitable supply of food is open to its inhabitants, and this may account for the absence of all agricultural industry among them. The shells are to be seen in square piles of a thousand each in front of most of the houses, ready for shipment to Europe, where they are converted, chiefly in France and Germany, into shirt buttons, knife handles and combs, and a hundred other knickknacks.

It is estimated that the value of the shells alone would cover the expenses of a small vessel furnished with diving-bells, leaving the pearls to the account of net profit; whilst the edi-

ble part of the animal—the mollusk itself—would prove a valuable substitute for the villainous salt junk which still continues to be the peculiar food of the seafaring stomach, despite of all that physicians can say of its unwholesomeness, and notwithstanding every attempt made to introduce fresh meats, preserved hermetically or by other processes.

These beautiful islands have many important capabilities, but these will never be developed so long as they continue subject to the debilitated Government of New Granada. If subjected to American or British institutions they would doubtless prosper, and might become just such a commercial depot for the Western coast of South America as San Thomas for the Eastern or Atlantic coast of the same continent. As a whaling depot, capable of affording refreshment and supplies to the Pacific whaling fleets, they are admirably situated. Their importance will increase in the event of the Inter-oceanic Canal being made, and if England gets hold of them she will doubtless convert them into a Malta.

Various plans have been suggested for carrying on the pearl fishery with advantage, such as the diving-bell, a steam-dredge, &c. The question has been asked, Why do not the merchants of Panama carry on the pearl fishery, instead of leaving it to the voluntary enterprise of a few negro divers? The shortest way of answering this question would be to ask a great many more of the same kind.

THE Boston Traveller has been shown a jewel box of solid gold, eighteen carats fine, weighing six hundred and fifty penny-weights, and costing nearly one thousand dollars. It is intended for a wedding present to a lady in Turkey by a merchant of that city. It is the largest and most costly thing of the kind ever made in this country.

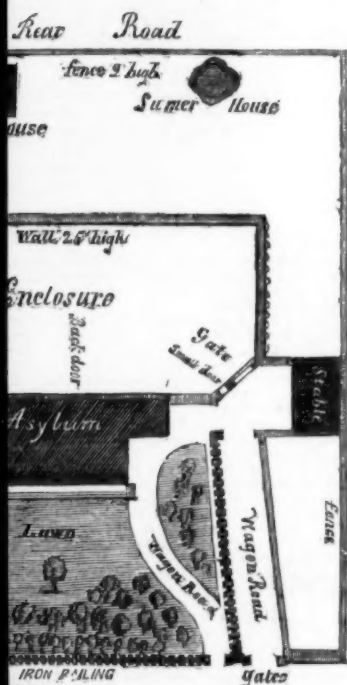
SANFORD HALL, PRIVATE MAD-HOUSE, FLUSHING LONG ISLAND.

THE public, some time since, was startled by an extraordinary story of wickedness, published originally in the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. Had it appeared in a shape less than perfectly reliable, the facts alluded to would not, could not have been believed. Recently, circumstances have transpired that have not only given local habitation and name to all the suggested details, but a "new horror" has been brought to light, thus adding in the most dramatic manner new mysteries and new food for the imagination, and new causes for astonishment, when it was presumed that such a thing was utterly impossible. Developments have recently been made in our courts in which Gardiner Furness and Mrs. Woodman are involved in a case, the particulars of which are far too gross for our columns. In these and in the affidavits and letters which have been published, Mr. Furness appears in a light that is most reprehensible, and that will bring upon him the condemnation of every right thinking person. Rising up amid the history of the unfortunate Mrs. Woodman, we behold the strange and startling picture of a "private mad-house," surrounded by all the outward appliances of a pleasant genial residence, existing amid the suburban associations of one of the pleasantest towns upon Long Island—a building that the traveler might pass for years and never dream that its interior might be a grave full of corruption, and, perhaps, a prison-house used for the most fearful oppression that the mind can conceive.

Sanford Hall is situated near Flushing, and about five or six miles from New York. It is a three story white marble building, about sixty feet high, and upon superficial examination would be mistaken for a substantial private residence. It has wings on either side, and a liberal amount of ground attached, the uses of which will be seen by referring to our ground plan of the premises. Upon entering the gate, you drive up the lawn so as to come at the end of a porch, where you stop, if you are a visitor; but if a patient, your journey brings you a few yards beyond this point, when a large gate opens into the main enclosure, and the patient is conducted into the building through the back door, into which, as far as we can learn, few, save interested parties, ever enter. We can only give a description of such parts of the building as are grudgingly opened to visitors. Entering the front door you come into the hall; on each side you notice doors, one on the left leads into the parlor or visitors' room, the only one you are permitted to enter, except by great favor you are admitted to the one on the right, which is the dining-room, and is only reached from the interior of the building by strongly barred doors. Ten feet, perhaps, from the front door, passing into the hall, you come to a sort of "bulkhead," or strongly-guarded door, which leads into the interior of the asylum, which door seems to be rarely opened. It is covered with bolts and bars. With these few objects you must be content, for nothing more is visible, nor are you permitted farther to gratify your curiosity.

The floors are marble, and give forth a strange gravelike sound. All the windows of the upper stories are ingeniously grated, so as to secure all the strength of a prison, but not attract the observation of the passer-by. We understand that the inside of the windows are protected by "jalousies," so that the patients can see outside, but no one can see the patients. The number of inmates is not known, but that there are a great many may be inferred from the fact that persons have seen some twenty different retainers; three, however, were noticed with one patient, who was permitted under such restraint to promenade the grounds outside of the principal enclosure.

By referring to the ground plan, a very clear idea will be obtained of the exterior of the premises. The gate through which



IS ATTACHED TO SANFORD HALL, WHERE WOODMAN WAS CONFINED.

pearls, if any, are carefully deposited in a cylindrical shape, and the shells set aside to me, being worth ten dollars per thousand. who was said to be the best diver in San Perry, broad-faced and deep-chested little as it," I said to him, "that you never leave arms behind you, for I observe that sharks and San Miguel?" "Ah," he replied, "the st. Once a year the people go out in canoes, nces a blessing, and tells the sharks that vers under his protection, so the sharks are no harm."

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SANFORD HALL, NEAR FLUSHING, L. I., THE PRIVATE MAD-HOUSE WHERE MRS. WOODMAN WAS CONFINED. ALLAN MACDONALD, KEEPER.

the patients are taken into the main enclosure, which is surrounded by a wall twenty-five feet high, will be noticed, and also the small one by its side, through which the keepers pass while pursuing their daily occupations. Outside of the prison enclosure is quite a large piece of ground, enclosed in a fence nine feet high, and most appropriately painted black; in this place are the summer-house and the gardener's-house. In the rear is a road that passes back of the mad-house; it was on this road that Mr. Furness was to have a carriage when he went by appointment to meet Mrs. Woodman.

We have in Sanford Hall and its uses developed the startling fact that we have among us private Bastilles scattered over the country, cunningly disguised as lunatic asylums, into which persons may be thrust for safe keeping, at the discretion or caprice of friends. We have nothing to say in regard to the gentleman who presides over the particular "asylum" at Flushing, upon which attention has been just now drawn. He may, for aught that has yet been shown, be a Howard for tenderness of heart, and a Wilberforce for pious elevation of soul, and his prisoners may be as truly insane as they are truly miserable. But the theory and practice alike of our society utterly forbid the maintenance of such establishments as that which he administers. The State has made provision for all lunatics, as wisely foreseeing, and thoughtfully guarding against, the terrible temptations to unnatural crimes which lurk in the leaving to private judgment of any effectual decision upon the mental competency of men and women. And if private hospitals for the reception of private patients are to be suffered to exist, they must be rigorously brought under the vigilant and continual supervision of the authorities of the Commonwealth.

In England there are private mad-houses, and for a long time they were conducted as they are in this country, by parties entirely irresponsible to the public. Something occurred to call the attention of the authorities to them, when they were officially examined, and all England was horrified by the exposure. The result was that severe laws were passed regarding the management of these private establishments, proper persons were appointed to visit them at stated times, and they became, in fact, regulated and controlled by the same usages that obtain in the management of institutions under the control of Parliament. This wholesome reform should be brought about in this country, and our object in bringing Sanford Hall before our readers is to shape public opinion regarding these private insane asylums, which may be made, if they are not, instruments of fearful oppression; however wrong it may be to make an innocent person suffer punishment, to put a sane person in an insane asylum is still worse, for it is the awfulest crime against personal liberty that can be committed in the sight of Heaven.

THE BRIDE.

She kneels before the altar,
To pledge a solemn vow;
Softly the words are spoken,
No shade comes o'er the brow.
And now she slowly turns aside,
A teardrop dims her eye;
Friends gaily come to greet her,
She meets them with a sigh.
A sigh!—she does not doubt the truth
Of the dear one by her side?
Ah! no—how trustfully she meets
His glance of love and pride.
For the past perchance was that fleeting sigh—
For the past that falling tear;
For the happy home she must leave behind,
And those who made home dear.
She thinks of her father's beaming smile,
And her mother's tender care;
She feels his hand in her glossy curls,
Hears her low murmured prayer.
She is leaving the love that never failed
For one that must yet be tried;
'Tween the past and the future comes the cloud
That rests on that fair young bride.
It has past away like the mist that floats
Across April's uncertain sky;
Should sorrow be found in her future path,
May it vanish as quickly by.
May the blessings showered on that bright bowed head
Never be less than now;
May grief never silver those sunny locks,
Or furrow that noble brow.

THE KING OF THE PEAK;

OR,

THE HIDDEN MINE.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

MICHAEL RAYMOND extended his hand to him. "You are aware, my dear Adolphe, that Bernard de Peyras quitted the chateau in consequence of a violent quarrel with the Chevalier Philippe, your father. The principal facts, I believe, are these: Bernard was the eldest son; at his father's death he became chief of the family, and as such inherited the entire fortune. But as he dearly loved his brother, he would not be rich whilst he was poor, and he gave him one-half of the patrimony, or rather they lived together at Peyras on a footing of equality, without making the division. Yet they were men of very different tastes and pursuits; Bernard, of a grave and cold exterior, lived like a simple citizen, occupying himself with scientific pursuits, and particularly with metallurgy, passing his time in a laboratory which he had constructed near the chateau, and in which he tested the different products of the neighboring mines. Philippe, on the contrary, had all the qualities and defects of the young noblemen of the time; he was proud, gay, thoughtless, and extravagant, he had a grace of exterior, and that gift of pleasing which nature alone can bestow, and in which his eldest brother was deficient. Yet, notwithstanding this striking contrast in the character of the two brothers, they lived together in perfect harmony until a rivalry in love disunited them. The good Bernard was engaged to a young lady, Leila de Longueville, of a poor but noble family, who resided within two leagues of Peyras. All was prepared for the wedding, when the baron accidentally learnt that the girl whom he passionately loved and wished to marry had been seduced by his brother Philippe, but that the family were opposed to their union on account of Philippe's dependent position upon his brother. On learning the double treason of which he was the victim, Bernard almost lost his reason, his simple and honest mind was nearly overthrown by this event, and he fell into a gloomy misanthropy. Yet, generous even under his wrongs, he caused a deed of gift of the whole of his property to be drawn up in Philippe's favor, and he quitted Peyras, announcing that neither his ungrateful brother nor his culpable bride would ever hear of him again. He kept his word, and soon afterwards Philippe married Leila de Longueville, his first wife. I regret, my dear Adolphe, to distress you by evoking these painful reminiscences, but it is not my fault if, in this old family history, the finer character was not played by Philippe de Peyras."

"Proceed, monsieur, proceed!" cried the chevalier with emotion. "I have too much reason to believe that what you say is true; I remember the deep despondency of my father during his latter years, and which irritated my mother, because she attributed it to his recollection of Leila de Longueville, his first wife. The name alone of Baron Bernard drew tears from my father's eyes, and I am sure that he would have made any sacrifice to atone for the injuries he had inflicted upon his brother. I have also heard that every effort was made to discover the baron's retreat, but in vain."

"It was in this solitary, and at that time almost inaccessible country," continued Michael Raymond, "that he came to hide his sorrows from the world. He took his nutriment at a goatherd's, whose hut occupied the spot where the village church now stands, and he passed his days wandering amidst the wildest parts of

the country. His sombre humor, his strange mode of life, his invincible taste for solitude, had caused him to be regarded by the ignorant peasantry as a kind of supernatural being, from whom they fled with dismay. The Spirit of the Mountain, for such they called him, passed in the neighboring valleys for a malignant genius, and the hatred which he inspired augmented his hatred for others. In the goatherd's hut, where he took his daily food, he was treated more as a guest whose presence they feared than as a friend whose company they desired. The gold which he gave to his poor family alone determined them to hold any intercourse with one whom they all appeared to shun. One woman alone, with that admirable instinct which women possess, guessed what was passing in the mind of the poor solitary; they conjectured that he was suffering from remorse; she suspected that a heavy misfortune was the cause of his anguish. In her touching simplicity she sought to cicatrize that lacerated heart, to imbue it with gentler sentiments than those of hatred. She succeeded; she attached him again to life; he consented to exchange a few words with his fellow-creatures; he no longer disdained to be a witness of their happiness; then a smile appeared upon his lips at rare intervals; and at length he took his share in the labor, the sorrows, and the joys of his humble hosts. A woman had done all this; and that woman was my mother, my excellent mother—God bless her! God bless her!"

Michael Raymond paused a moment, and pointed in silence to his mother's portrait, which hung side by side with that of his father. The chevalier inclined before the portrait of his uncle's wife.

"Young man," cried Michael Raymond, regarding him fixedly, "do not be under an erroneous impression. The first portrait, although it represents a man in a mountaineer's costume, is not less the Baron de Peyras who behaved so nobly to your father. But this good and simple woman, whose portrait you have just saluted, was but a shepherd's daughter, whom my father married for her excellent disposition and the fine qualities of her heart. I am proud to be her son. She was an angel of goodness to him; she rendered his latter years happier, far happier than they otherwise would have been. I disdained not in my turn to seek a wife in the same humble class from which my father had taken his own; and, like him, I applauded myself for having done so. I have now told you who and what I am; let not the title of Baron de Peyras which still belongs to me at all perplex you; few persons know that I am entitled to it, and I have made myself another of which I am proud. I do not require you to recognize publicly, as being of your blood, a family of peasants whose rusticity might be annoying to you. I know the rank that you will occupy in the world; I make due allowance for educational prejudices: so set your mind at rest upon this score. When I discovered at the hospice that you were my relative, I resolved to come to your aid if you deserved it. I afterwards thought that if my father was still living he could not have seen without pain the honor of his house compromised by a young spendthrift, and in seeking to restore your fortune, I wished to follow the example of generosity which the baron had given me in his noble conduct to your father. In short, I am rich; what I offer you is what I can well spare; it is the fruit perhaps of long savings, the legitimate produce of happy speculations."

"Baron," cried the chevalier, taking Michael Raymond's hand in both his own, "you have formed a wrong estimate of my character. I know no prejudices, no tyrannical injunction of the world which could make me repulse the members of a generous family towards whom my father and myself are under so many obligations."

"And I, baron, and I!" said Geraldine in tears, "how am I to thank my protector, my adopted father?"

"I will perform the duties of one to-morrow," said Michael Raymond, giving her a hearty kiss. "This evening the contract, to-morrow the ceremony. I have already sent an express to the prior of Lauteret, who is to marry you. Foolish girl," he added, patting her cheek, "you may congratulate yourself on being thus happily extricated from this false step, for although my friend Adolphe looks at this moment as demure as a cat at a christening, I suspect that he has deceived more than one before you."

"Baron," cried Adolphe, in a tone of reproach. "Well, well," resumed Michael Raymond, laughingly; "the subject is a tender one, I know, and as you are reformed now, we will say no more about it. By the way, do not continue to call me baron. They would laugh heartily in this country if they heard that the king of the Peak was metamorphosed into a baron. No one, except my daughter, is acquainted with our real name of Peyras; but that you may no longer be tempted to give me this appellation, which neither suits my position, manners, nor mode of life, I now tell you that I have resigned it in your favor. Your father, from a feeling which I appreciate, never assumed this title, not knowing whether the eldest brother, who had disappeared, still existed. I have full power, at all events, to transmit to you this part of my inheritance, and it is you, my cousin, whom I salute as the real Baron de Peyras; there is also a clause in the contract which will set all that to rights."

Adolphe paused a few moments to consider how he could turn the different events to the best possible account. He then said, with apparent candor, "My generous cousin, your goodness to me is so great that no wonder I am at a loss for words to express my gratitude. It seems to me that I shall best appreciate my happiness when I have had leisure to comprehend it better; and if it was possible to postpone for a few days the ceremony announced for to-morrow—"

"What!" cried the good man, amazed; "is it you who propose to delay an event which you so earnestly desired? You seem to blow hot and cold in the same breath!"

"He repulses me—he no longer loves me!" cried Geraldine.

"I do not say that!" replied the young gentleman, with embarrassment; "but I hoped, mademoiselle, that you yourself would wish a little less precipitation in so solemn an act. Besides, you will have, I imagine, some preparations to make, some arrangements to conclude."

"Ah! bah!" cried the mountaineer testily; "you make difficulties where there are none; it is enough to give one the vapors to hear you—a pretty sort of fellow to hang fire at such a moment! I tell you that the ceremony shall take place to-morrow; and you know young man that I do not like to be thwarted. Besides, the little eagerness you evince is a bad compliment to Mademoiselle de Blanchefort, as well as offensive to me."

"I did not intend it so, my kind cousin," said Adolphe, seeking to efface the unfavorable impression which his hesitation had produced; "you know that the day on which this union takes place will be the happiest of my life! But really my mind is so perplexed; there are in our relationship so many things that I cannot comprehend—"

"Is that all?" interrupted Michael Raymond, with restored good humor; "it seems to me that all that has happened since our first meeting explains itself. When you related your history to me at the hospice de Lauteret, the ties of relationship made it in my eyes in some degree a duty to assist you. At the moment when Master Renaud was about to arrest you I took him aside. I told him that I had projects for you, and that I would answer for the Marquis de Blanchefort's consent. My name, my reputation for wealth, the benevolence with which I was animated in your behalf, decided him to retard the execution of his warrant, which was moreover not altogether in proper form. I allude not to certain other arguments, of which I have often known the efficacy. I revealed to him the entire truth. I charged him to make this young lady's father the proposals of which you know the result. What more do you wish to know? I will answer all your questions. Speak without reserve."

Adolphe had many questions to ask, and was on the point of boldly demanding some explanation respecting the origin of his protector's fortune, a subject the mountaineer always carefully avoided, when the door opened and Menella appeared. She was still extremely pale, although not a muscle of her face betrayed the secret which distracted her heart. Michael Raymond hastened towards her, saying gaily, "Thou comest too late, my dear Menella, to witness a touching scene. We have all been weeping like Magdalens, except Master Renaud, who is evidently not given to the melting mood. I have revealed all to these dear children; I have assured them of their happiness."

"I beg to offer them my congratulations," replied Menella, gravely. "My father, I will now call your attention to duties less agreeable to fulfill."

"Whence this sadness, my child? How pale you are! What has happened?" His daughter led him a few paces, and spoke some words in a low tone. "What!" cried the king of the Peak, aloud; "Lapierre found dead at the bottom of a precipice! Who told you this?"

"I saw the body," replied Menella, gloomily.

Renaud advanced hastily towards the speakers, and demanded eagerly, "Is it the knife-grinder who has been found dead?" To which Michael Raymond nodded assent.

"Were you ignorant of this event, my father?" resumed Menella, fixing her flashing eyes upon him.

"Undoubtedly I was," replied Michael Raymond; "I have not seen Lapierre since the day he left for Briançon. All things considered, I see nothing to grieve about, Menella; it is a vagabond the less."

There was a pause; the young girl remained calm and motionless with her eyes fixed upon her father, until the lawyer's inquiry caused her to start.

"Is it quite clear," demanded Renaud, "that this death is not the result of a crime?"

"What can have put such a notion into your head?" said Michael Raymond.

"I have a reason for asking the question," replied the lawyer. "Is it known whether this man had any enemy?"

"Pshaw!" cried Michael Raymond, impatiently. "The bottle was his greatest enemy, and doubtless the cause of his death. For my part, I am not at all surprised at the accident, particularly if it happened on the day he left this place."

"And may I ask the reason for arriving at that conclusion?" demanded the lawyer, gravely.

"Because I gave him money on his departure," said Michael Raymond; "and he got his leathern bottle filled with brandy on passing a house in the village where they sell strong drinks; there is no question he old sot was intoxicated before he reached the spot where he perished."

"Are you quite sure of that?" inquired the lawyer, lowering his eyes. "I shall have important facts to state touching this event in the *procès-verbal* which you are called upon to draw up as *bailli* of the village."

"You!" cried the father and daughter in a breath.

"Even so," said the lawyer. "I left for Grenoble the same morning that this man quitted your house; I rejoined him at the natural arch which is close to the spot where he is said to have perished; I exchanged a few words with him, and I can state upon oath that he was not the least intoxicated. It was doubtless a few moments after I left him that the accident occurred."

A profound silence followed these words; Michael Raymond appeared to reflect seriously upon what the lawyer had stated. "Well," he cried at length; "I do not see that your interview with this poor creature gives a new turn to the affair. By the way, I shall require the benefit of your legal experience to enable me to draw up the *procès-verbal* in proper form."

"You shall have it," replied the lawyer, with a sinister smile.

"Well, then, let us to work at once," said Michael Raymond, eagerly. "You, my dear Menella, request Pierre Dominique to come to us; you, my friends," he added, addressing the young people, "you will not forget that this evening we sign the contract."

"My dear cousin," murmured the chevalier in his ear, "the event which has just happened is a very serious one, and of a nature to absorb you exclusively for some days. If then you will wait—"

"I will not wait a day, an hour, a minute longer than the term that I have fixed upon," said Michael Raymond, in a peremptory tone. "All shall be concluded to-morrow, or all shall be broken off; and in this last case, Monsieur Chevalier, you will lose with my friendship and esteem much more than you are aware of." Thus saying, he made a sign to Renaud, and they both left the room.

The chevalier seemed thunderstruck at the menacing tone with which the *bailli* had uttered these words. Geraldine approached him, hoping to get a kind word. "Adolphe," she said, with melancholy, "the discovery of this corpse at this moment is a sad omen for us, is it not?"

"I place no faith in omens," he replied, coldly, without looking at her. And he immediately left the room.

"He no longer loves me!" said poor Geraldine, despairingly.

Menella took her hand, and pressing it, said, "I am more wretched than you, I who have not deserved it!"

CHAPTER VII.

We may roam through this world like a child at a feast,
Who but sip of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, and be off to the west.—MOORE.

THE marriage contract was signed the same evening in the presence of a notary from a neighboring town, and the religious ceremony remained fixed for the following morning, notwithstanding the ill-disguised repugnance of the Chevalier de Peyras. It was at the same time arranged that immediately after the marriage Renaud should leave for Lyons, to acquaint the Marquis de Blanchefort with the happy result of his negotiations. As to the young folks, they were invited to prolong their visit until it suited them to retire to their newly-acquired estate at Grenoble, or to seek pleasure in other scenes. They had nothing to do but to please themselves—they "had the world before them where to choose."

The king of the Peak remarked more than once in the course of the evening the silent consternation of his daughter, the ill humor of the chevalier, the profound grief of Geraldine, the pensive and at times ironical air of Renaud, who had prepared the *procès-verbal* of Lapierre's decease; but these observations did not deter him from steadily pursuing his projects. He occasionally addressed a few words to one or the other of them, with a view to prevent a possible explosion, and explanation which would doubtless have caused a rupture. Thus seeing Adolphe hesitate to sign the contract, he said in his ear, "Five hundred thousand livres and Geraldine, or dishonor without her! Choose." Once he saw the unhappy bride ready to burst into tears at a letter word which Adolphe had just addressed to her. "Silly girl," said Michael Raymond, taking her aside; "are you, then, going to furnish him with a pretext? Must you not be married, whether you will or he desire it or not?" As for Menella, he took an opportunity of saying to her, when no one observed him, "Why this sombre air, my daughter? Why should Lapierre's death grieve thee? It is God's punishment. God has taken upon himself to assure our tranquility." At length the hour of repose arrived, and each took leave of the other with an appearance of calm which they were far from experiencing. At the moment when Adolphe coldly kissed his bride's brow, Menella uttered a few words in a low tone to the schoolmaster, who, throughout the evening, had shown himself ill at ease, and abstracted. Dominique bowed without replying, and they separated.

As one may suppose, all on that night did not enjoy "rosy dreams and slumbers light" in the king of the Peak's house; but perhaps not one of those whom it contained was a prey to such violent agitation as the proud and impetuous Chevalier de Peyras, who had recently conceived ambitious hopes, which this marriage would utterly annihilate. He threw himself, dressed as he was, upon the bed, and reflected with anger on the desperate position of his affairs, and on the necessity there was of submitting to the behests of his wealthy and imperious benefactor. Geraldine had already lost so much in his affection that he no longer saw in her but an obstacle to his projects. So long as he had had to struggle against opposition, so long as he had had to dispute Geraldine's hand with her father, so long as he had had to defend her against Renaud and his agents, his love was sustained by the difficulties which he encountered; but now that the difficulties suddenly ceased, now that the obstacle no longer existed, and that he was about to marry this woman, for whom he had braved so many dangers, he no longer felt anything but indifference for her, and his mind was engrossed by another object. During this long sleepless night his thoughts often reverted to the munificence of his host—of that man so simple and at the same time so mysterious—who had given him an enormous sum of money, as if insensible of its real value. Then reflecting on the probable origin of Michael Raymond's immense resources, it seemed to him that this degenerate nobleman, who had a gold mine at his disposal, ought to have done more for a young relative whose family pride he had wounded by his low alliances. The idea of this gold mine inflamed his blood and excited his imagination. In his fits of hallucination he fancied himself in possession of the king of the Peak's treasure, and lavishing money in *fêtes*, splendid constructions, and magnificent dresses. The night drew to a close, and Adolphe, with "all the means and appliances to boot," had not enjoyed a single instant's sleep. Thinking, perhaps, that the cool mountain air would calm the effervescence of his spirits, he opened the window, and stepping out upon the balcony, contemplated the vast landscape before him. All was solitary, silent, calm, and shadowy; a light rosy tint alone announced the approach of day. The rocks and headlands stood out in bold relief; but the lower part

of the valley was still partially veiled in obscurity. Majestic, almost awful, was the dark shadow in its deep repose. Not a sound broke upon the solemn calm of nature; the perfumed mountain breeze was too feeble to excite even a rustle amid the foliage around. A few stars still twinkled in the heavens, like sparks about to die away. The chevalier examined every part of this magnificent panorama as if he wished to lose nothing of its beauties; yet it awakened no sentiment of admiration in his excited mind. In all this space he sought but Michael Raymond's gold mine. His glance rested upon each sinuosity of land, and more than once he murmured, in his delirium, "It must be there!"

He was thus occupied when a slight noise in the house arrested his attention. At the same instant the outer door opened, then shut with precaution, and the chevalier, leaning over the balcony, saw his host's daughter glide like a shadow from the house. She was muffled in a heavy serge mantle, and walked with rapid steps. "Where can this austere young girl be going out at such an hour, and with such a mystery?" he muttered to himself. Then remembering to have heard that the Raymonds often went to the gold mine by night, he at once jumped to the conclusion that such was Menella's destination at the present moment. He resolved to follow her, in the hope of at length discovering that secret which he would have given ten years of his life to know. The next question was the *modus operandi*. Afraid to lose sight of her even for an instant, and moreover not deeming it prudent to descend the stairs for fear of alarming the household, he measured with a glance the elevation of the window from the ground. It looked too high to be pleasant, certainly, but he was young and active, and had taken many a bolder leap in his amorous escapades; he suspended himself by his hands from the balcony, dropped lightly on the greensward, and commenced running furtively after the fugitive, screening himself as much as possible behind the rocks and trees. It was like a shade pursuing the secret, the young girl, instead of making for the secluded parts of the valley, suddenly stopped before the schoolmaster's house, an isolated dwelling at the extreme end of the village. The next instant she lifted the latch and entered. The discomfited chevalier was on the point of retracing his steps, when the idea flashed across his mind that his staid cousin had gone to meet a lover. He advanced in silence towards the door, which had inadvertently been left ajar. He could thus hear and in a manner see what was passing. Menella was standing near the chimney, in which an enormous pine log was burning. She was extremely pale; the hood of her mantle was thrown back, and her long black hair hung in disordered tresses over her shoulders. The flickering light of the fire imparted something of the fantastic and supernatural to her appearance. There were two other persons present, namely, the schoolmaster and the venerable prior of Lauteret. The chevalier then recollected that the monk had been expressly sent for to perform the marriage ceremony which was to take place that day, and that he had slept at the schoolmaster's house because the king of the Peak had not a room at liberty to offer him.

"I knew that you were here, my reverend father," said Menella, gravely, "and I desired Monsieur Dominique to beg that you would grant me an interview this morning, for I much need your counsel and advice."

"I am ready to listen to you, my daughter," replied the monk; "but it is as a man of the world, or as a minister of God, that you wish to consult me?"

"In both capacities," replied Menella, in a low tone. The prior made a sign to the pedant to withdraw, but the latter appeared to have some secret reasons for wishing to be present, and entreated Menella to allow him to remain.

"Monsieur Dominique," said the monk, with displeasure, "do you not perceive that Mademoiselle Menella has revelations to make to me which must not be listened to by profane ears?"

"Odi profanum vulgus et arceo" (I hate the profane rabble, and spurn them), muttered the schoolmaster.

"Remain if you wish it," resumed Menella; "I have a few important questions to put to you."

The schoolmaster cast a triumphant glance at the monk, who evinced considerable annoyance at the young girl's sudden determination. She remained silent for some time with her eyes fixed upon the fire.

"What have you to tell us, Menella?" demanded the schoolmaster.

"You know that Lapierre is dead," she replied, without raising her eyes.

"Yes, yes," said the schoolmaster, in an agitated manner, "I copied the *procès-verbal* in the dead man's presence."

"Was it stated in that document that Lapierre died accidentally?" At this question the two men exchanged a rapid glance. "Answer me," she cried, with authority; "I insist upon knowing the entire truth; has any one expressed a suspicion that this man's death was the result of a crime?"

"I confess," stammered Dominique, turning extremely pale, "that Master Renaud—"

"I suspected as much," resumed Menella, as if speaking to herself; "that wily lawyer accents the crime as the virtue of our mountains scents his prey. Now, on your word as an honest man, Master Dominique, were not dark hints thrown out in the document in question, that Lapierre met his death by unfair means? Were not judicial investigations called for?"

"Yes—no—really I was so hurried that I did not remark—"

"Speak to the point, man!" cried Menella, vehemently. "Do you believe that Lapierre was murdered or not?"

"For heaven's sake," said the schoolmaster, trembling with emotion, "question me not too closely upon this fearful event."

"I see it all!" cried Menella, becoming more and more excited. "He hesitates to speak; he fears to rend my heart by revealing the dreadful suspicions which he, like me, has conceived. Father prior," she added, turning suddenly to the priest, "you are a minister of God, and will not deceive me! Speak! has not this man been murdered?"

"There are some reasons for supposing so," replied the prior, fixing upon her a searching glance; "but whence this extraordinary agitation, my daughter?"

"It is then true!" cried Menella, with a violent outburst of emotion. They both believe it, they all believe it; and so do I, who thought myself the only one who had fathomed this mystery of shame and crime! They have guessed the guilty one, they have accused and judged him in their hearts, although they have not called my father assassin in my presence!"

The two old men stood speechless with amazement. Even the chevalier felt his heart beat quicker.

"What has she said?" demanded the schoolmaster, in faltering accents.

"The unhappy child accuses her father," replied the prior.

"Who accuses my father?" cried Menella, with almost frantic excitement. "Who dares to say that Michael Raymond, the king of the Peak, the benefactor of the whole country, is an assassin? Who has uttered such an accusation? I have not done so; it is you, you whom he has loaded with benefits! Pierre Dominique, you were a tattered mendicant, without a roof to shelter you, when my father received you here, when he gave you this house in which we are—when he entertained you at his hospitable board—when he procured you security, repose and honor! And you, reverend prior, you have forgotten all the pious gifts made by him to your hospice, you have forgotten his cordial receptions when you and your brethren came to visit him; you have forgotten the generous protection which he has always accorded you. It is, however, you who have been the first to accuse him. It is you who have been the first to curse him in your hearts. Leave me, you ingrates!"

She paused an instant, and then bursting into tears, cried, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, "Oh, pardon me, my friends, I accuse you wrongfully; you could have no reason to suspect him; it is I alone who have dared to do so. You heard not what I heard—you know not what I know! Oh! tell me, my old preceptor, that I am mad; tell me, my reverend father, that I am an impious wretch for having suspected that he to whom I owe my being had committed an atrocious crime!"

She sank back in her chair exhausted. Her hearers followed with anguish the different phases of this frightful delirium. The schoolmaster wrung his hands with despair. The chevalier listened with intense interest to what followed.

"Calm yourself, my beloved pupil," said the schoolmaster, in great agitation; "your imagination bewilders you; your father is not, cannot be guilty of the crime which you impute to him."

"He is innocent, my daughter!" said the prior, with an accent of profound conviction.

"Then I alone am culpable," murmured the unhappy girl; "but hear me, in order that you may judge how far I was justified in indulging suspicions against the best of fathers. He has a secret upon which depends his repose, his fortune, and the execution of the generous projects which he has conceived. One man had discovered this secret, or a part of it; that man was Lapierre. I have seen my proud and noble father turn pale and tremble in the presence of this tattered mendicant. I have seen him endure with suppressed wrath the insolent provocations of that base old man. I have heard him utter menaces of death against this wretch, who incessantly disturbed his repose and poisoned his happiness. Now, mark! the morning after these menaces were uttered Lapierre was precipitated into the gulf of La Grave!"

"Be comforted, my daughter," said the old monk, with solemnity, "your father is innocent."

"Oh! how glad I am that I confided to you my poignant anguish," she resumed. "I do not ask you who the guilty party is; it is sufficient for me to know that my father is innocent. Adieu, my friends, adieu! I owe you more than life!"

"Where, then, are you going, my daughter?" said the prior. "I am going to throw myself at my father's feet, and implore his pardon."

"Stay, Menella," said the prior. "It is not enough that Michael Raymond is innocent in your eyes—others must believe him so also."

"How!" exclaimed Menella; "does any one still dare to suspect him?"

"Unhappily it is but too probable," said the prior. "Several of those who witnessed the last altercation between your father and Lapierre have drawn inferences which might have unfortunate results. Ask Monsieur Dominique; he knows perfectly well that the *procès-verbal* is very ambiguously worded by that crafty lawyer, and there is too much reason to fear that he will use it against your father."

"I fear as much," said the schoolmaster; "I am convinced he is weaving some dark plot. What would become of me if my benefactor were accused of such a crime?"

"You forget," said Menella, "that Renaud leaves the village this very day, not again to return."

"True," said the prior; "but I know that he has taken upon himself to lay this *procès-verbal* before the authorities at Grenoble; and who can say what turn he may give to the affair? Oh! beware of him, and since you are rich, purchase his silence at any price. His terms will doubtless be exorbitant, for he knows your secret."

"Our secret!" repeated Menella, starting. There was a long pause. Menella examined in silence her two interrogators, who lowered their eyes with embarrassment.

"My daughter," at length said the prior, "you and your worthy father are alone ignorant that dissimulation will no longer avail you. The rumors so long in circulation respecting the origin of your fortune were confirmed by the indiscretions of Lapierre. There no longer remains a doubt on any one's mind of the existence of the gold mine discovered by your grandfather."

"Well, my father," she replied, after a long pause, "assuming that what they say is true, neither you nor any one can reproach us with having employed the gold for an unworthy purpose. Have not our riches always merited the blessings of the poor and the wretched?"

"It is true, my daughter," replied the prior; "but dare you affirm that it will always be so? May not this gold become for you and others the cause of all sorts of misfortunes? May it not excite all sorts of evil passions, schisms, scandals, crimes? Who knows if Lapierre was not the victim of some avaricious man, who wished to wrest his secret from him? Let me bring the matter still more home to you—did you not just now, for a moment, think your father capable of committing an atrocious crime to preserve his treasure?"

"My father," replied the young girl with solemnity, "from the day this treasure ceases to be employed to a good and holy purpose, from the day it becomes the object of a culpable desire, the cause of a bad action, or a crime, from that day it will no longer belong to any one, and it will be for ever lost to all, for the good as for the wicked."

"Say you so, my daughter?" cried the monk with glistening eyes. "What! would you annihilate the gifts of divine Providence, and deprive humanity of them? Would it be a worthy action, Menella, because you and your family are surfeited with wealth, to destroy the source from whence it springs, when there are so many miseries to alleviate, so many poor to nurture, so many sick to solace! I will speak to you, my daughter, without disguise. I have long known the real state of things, and have more than once urged upon your father the profound wisdom there would be in bequeathing this precious treasure after his decease to the pious house to which I belong. He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. If your father wishes to renounce the mine during his life, is it not better to confide it to monks who will employ it in the service of God, than to annihilate it as you threaten to do? Would not this gold be sanctified by the use which we should make of it? Our hospice is poor, my daughter; the offerings are neither numerous nor important. We have not sufficient pecuniary resources to enable us to receive as we could wish the mendicant and pilgrim!"

Pierre Dominique suddenly started up and placed himself between Menella and the prior; the two men exchanged a malignant glance.

"Don't believe him, Menella!" cried the schoolmaster with extraordinary vehemence; "don't believe him; the coffers of the hospice are filled with alms, and the revenues are ample, I swear to you. If your father renounces this gold mine, is it not better to bestow it upon a good and honest man, than to abandon it to a body of grasping monks? Is it not better to assure the happiness of an old friend who will be grateful all his life, than to enrich a community, not one of whom will consider gratitude towards the benefactor as a duty? Menella, I passed twenty years of my life in misery and wretchedness before I arrived in this valley; I have lived here sheltered from want, it is true, but in obscurity, and without having it in my power to assist my fellow creatures. Make me rich, and I will be good. I have suffered so much myself, that I shall know how to compassionate the sufferings of others! I will be generous, like your father; all those who approach me will be happy. Moreover," he added, as if wishing to conciliate conflicting interests, "I see no reason, if you wish it, why this gold mine should not revert after my death to the monks of Lauteret."

The schoolmaster's last proposition in some degree appeased the indignation of the prior, who at first could scarcely restrain his anger. Menella scrutinized them both severely. The instant this magic name of gold mine had been pronounced, she observed a sudden change in them; their eyes became dry, their voices acrimonious, and their features expressed harshness and selfishness. The chevalier watched them by the vacillating light of the fire. Bold and fawning by turns, they looked like two personifications of avarice before this young and noble girl, who smiled with disdain.

"Gentlemen," she replied, sarcastically; "I can give no information on the subject of my father's private arrangements. I know only that he is bound by a solemn oath, and it is for him to decide if the accomplishment of that oath is or is not compatible with your pretensions. I refer you to him."

The two competitors for the gold mine received the communication with a look of dismay. Both seemed ashamed at the display they had made of their meanness and cupidity.

"I will now take my leave of you," resumed Menella, regarding them compassionately; "accept my thanks. I leave this house in a far more composed state of mind than when I entered it. I have not, it is true, revealed to you all the secret sorrows which weigh upon my heart."

"Have you other sorrows, my daughter?" said the monk.

"Yes, yes," replied Menella; "but what matters it, provided my father is still worthy of my affections?"

She advanced towards the door. Adolphe, absorbed by the powerful interest of the scene, forgot that he was about to be surprised. The old monk retained Menella an instant, and said in a low and mysterious voice, "Promise me that this gold mine shall belong to the hospice, and however desperate your father's position may seem, I will find a means of saving him."

"What are you saying to her?" cried the schoolmaster, springing forward. A violent altercation ensued, in the midst of which Adolphe left his hiding place without having been perceived, and directed his steps towards the village.

(To be continued.)

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

Dr. JOHNSON said of female preaching, "People flock to hear a woman preach, not because she preaches well, but because she preaches anyhow; just as they go to see a dog walk on its hind legs, though it does not walk in them near so well as a man."

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST—"La me!" said Mrs. Partington "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the brain, and now I am sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're sick."

"WIFE, I don't see, for my part, how they send letters on them 'ere wires without tearin' 'em all to bits." "Oh, my! they don't send the paper; they just send the writin' in a fluid state."

A TEACHER one day, endeavoring to make his pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as—Peter is beaten. Now what did Peter do?"

The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he *hollored*."

A KNAVEISH attorney asked a very worthy gentleman what was honesty. "What is that to you?" said he; "meddle with those things that concern you most."

FLATTERING PICTURE.—A Western editor thus sums up the peculiarities of a contemporary: "He is too lazy to earn a meal, and too mean to eat one. He was never generous but once, and that was when he gave the itch to an apprentice boy. So much for his goodness of heart!" Of his industry he says: "The only time he ever worked was when he took castor-oil for honey."

THE EVENINGS.

I.
In the summer evenings
When the wind blew low,
And the skies were radiant
With the sunset glow,
Thou and I were happy
Long, long years ago,
Love, the young and hopeful,
Hovered o'er us twain,
Filled us with sad pleasure
And delicious pain,
In the summer evenings
Wandering in the lane.

II.
In the winter evenings
When the wild winds roar,
Blustering at the chimney,
Piping at the door,
Thou and I are happy,
As in days of yore,
Love still hovers o'er us,
Robed in white attire,
Drawing heaven's music
From an earthly lyre,
In the winter evenings
Sitting by the fire.

"You and I are much alike," said the beggar to the banker. "How so?" "We both contrive to live on the labors of others." But I carry on a lawful business for a living," said the banker. "So do I," said the beggar; "but there is this difference—I get the property of others with their consent—you get their property without their consent."

ALLOPATHIC JOKE.—One of the "faithful," on a certain night, had taken two globules instead of one—perhaps three! Alas! what was to be done in a case so imminent? The unhappy man lived in a small town near Edinburgh, in whose benighted precincts no homoeopathic practitioner was to be found, and in desperation he decided to consult an allopathic doctor, whom, in a tremor, he called up, to know whether he could do anything for him. The mystic tube was placed in the doctor's hand. The ignorant doctor looked at the globules in despair. At length he poured a dozen or two into his palm, and said, "My friend, I cannot save you, but I can die with you!" He swallowed them, and nothing coming of it, the patient took heart of grace, departed in peace, slept soundly, and was cured of his nervous fancies and his dread of the despotic globules at the same moment.

DURING a late thunder-storm at Greenville, South Carolina, the lightning struck a mill, knocking over two slaves who were at work in it. As soon as they regained their feet, the first exclamation of one of them, in great surprise, was, "Who fired that gun?"

"COME here, and tell me what the four seasons are?" Young prodigy answers, "Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar; them's what mother always seasons with."

THERE is a fellow in Illinois so dirty that the assessors have put him down as a "real estate."

A KEEN RETORT.—A preacher not one hundred miles from this, while contending, as he thought, for the "ancient order of things," by ridiculing the doctrine of a call to the ministry, as proof that there is no such call, observed that he never believed he was called to preach. "And no person else ever believed it," said an acquaintance standing by.

NOBODY.

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly, we know;
If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you, flatter yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave;
If nobody's called you a "fool" to your face,
Somebody's wished for your back in its place;
If nobody's called you a "tyrant" or "cold,"
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mould;
If nobody knows of your faults but "a friend,"
Nobody'll miss of them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone;
If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you "a miserly bore";
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen—
Sign yourself Nobody, quick as you can.

A GENTLEMAN thought he'd like something nice painted in the hall of a new house, and chose the Israelites passing over the Red Sea. He engaged a man for the job, who set to work and painted the hall red. "Nice color," said Mr. H.; "but where are the Israelites?" "The Israelites! Oh, they've all passed over, you know!"

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before?" "Thin," replied the other; "botheration, I've seen a woman as thin as two of her put together—I have, I have."

MR. JONES met Mr. Smith as he was going on board a steamer on the Mississippi, and asked, "Which way, Smith—up or down?" "That depends upon circumstances," remarked the latter; "if I get a berth over the boiler, I shall probably go up; if in the cabin, down." We have not heard from him since.

LINE—(NOT BY GOLDSMITH.)

When merchants fondly trust to paper,
And find too late that banks betray,
What art can help them through the scrape, or
Suggest the means wherewith to pay?

The only way to stop each croaker,
And pay the banks to whom they trust;
To bring repentance to the broker,
And wring his bosom, is, "to bust!"

LIBERAL MINDED.—A gentleman, in our hearing, the other day, made a boy an offer which, we think, exhibited traits of disinterested benevolence. The boy referred to was a ragged, shiftless, vagrant boy, who has been idling about our streets of late. The gentleman of whom we speak, meeting the lad, and evidently commiserating his unfortunate condition, addressed him thus:

"Boy, where do you come from, and how do you live?"
"Come from Pennsylvania, and live by eating. What of it?"
"Would you like something to do?"
"Don't care, if 'tain't hard work!"
"Well, boy, if you like, I will set you up in a business that will prove both pleasant and profitable."
"Drive ahead, I'm listening."
"Well, you go somewhere and steal a basket and then go around begging for cold victuals, and you may have half you get."
The impudence of the ragamuffin's answer to this display of liberality, caused him to be "set up" in the "boot business."

A YOUNG lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word *sorrow-gate*. "It is," replied he, "a gate through which parties have to pass on their way to get married." "Then, I suppose," replied she, "that it is a corruption of sorrow-gate." "You are right, miss," replied her informant, "as women is an abbreviation of we to men."

"You have considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the scribes of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply, "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."



WILLIAM F. RITCHIE, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE
"RICHMOND ENQUIRER."

THE responsibilities which pertain to the editorial chair are among the most arduous and pressing of literary duties, and he who fills that position with the dignity and ability which have always been displayed by the gentleman whose portrait we have given above, deserves to be known and respected wherever his name may be mentioned.

William F. Ritchie, the subject of our present sketch, is a native of Richmond, Virginia, and is now forty-four years of age, having been born on the 7th of January, 1813. He succeeded, by a natural inheritance, to the vocation of the quill and scissors, being the eldest son of the late venerable Thomas Ritchie, long the well-known editor of the *Washington Union*—“Father Ritchie,” as he has for many years been designated—and received the most complete and thorough course of instruction. He graduated at the celebrated University of Virginia when quite young, and afterwards passed two years in Europe to finish his education.

On his return to the United States he commenced the study of law under Conway Robinson of Richmond, and at the conclusion of his legal education removed to Vicksburg, Mississippi, where he devoted himself to the practice of law for five years.

In the year 1842 he returned to his native Richmond, and became assistant-editor of the *Enquirer*, in connection with “Father Ritchie.” The paper was ably conducted by father and son until 1845, when the senior editor removed to Washington, where he established the *Union*, and William F. Ritchie and his brother Thomas (now deceased) assumed the entire editorial charge of the *Enquirer*. It has remained under the conduct of the former up to the present time, and is universally recognised as one of the best of Richmond papers.

In 1849 he was appointed by Governor Floyd, one of the Commissioners of the Washington Monument, and was instrumental in selecting the present fine plan designed by Crawford. He still retains the office of Commissioner.

In the same year he was elected Public Printer to the State, which position he still holds under the action of the Legislature. This office was held by his father for some years before he assumed its duties.

His marriage took place at Ravenswood, Long Island, on the 7th day of June, 1854, when he was united to Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, one of America's most beautiful and accomplished daughters, whose refined intellect and well-known literary fame are well calculated to adorn her husband's high social position.

Our portrait is a remarkably accurate representation of this gentleman, and all who have ever seen him will at once recognise its truth and fidelity.

ARCHITECTURAL IMPROVEMENTS IN NEW YORK.

AMONG the fashionable book establishments located in Broadway the one occupied by W. P. Pettridge and Co., directly opposite “Stewart's,” deservedly attracts attention, not only on account of its perfect business-like appearance, but also for its having inaugurated on the modern principle of large sales and small profits. Possessed of one of the finest stocks of English and American books in the city, it is no wonder that, in spite of the hard times, the store is crowded with customers. Mr. Pettridge, the head of the firm, commenced business in State street, Boston, in the year 1845. By his energy and deserved success he was compelled to enlarge his premises, and with this object removed to a large store in Washington street, with an entrance on State. In his new location he won the enviable reputation of doing the largest periodical business in New England. Desirous of enlarging his field of enterprise, two years ago he removed to New York, and commenced business in Franklin square, from which place he took possession of the more attractive marble edifice which he now occupies in Broadway. Mr. Pettridge's business partner is W. H. Brown, of Boston, who is a man of untiring industry and unblemished integrity, and as Mr. Pettridge and his associate are not afraid of hard labor, not discouraged by obstacles, sagacious and vigilant, the firm must become one of the leading publishing houses of the city.

Outside of the literary world, Mr. Pettridge is known as the proprietor of the *Balm of a Thousand Flowers*, a cosmetic that has reached an un-

precedented popularity and sale, and possesses the advantage of being one of the most useful compounds associated with the toilet.

THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

SOME poetical thinker has said, “The pen is mightier than the sword,” but it is the sword that has produced effects that have retained a more lasting impression upon the world. Even the influence of the pen is due in no small degree to the power of the sword; as, for instance, where would have been now the influence of the classic pens of ancient Rome if the sword of Cæsar and the Roman Legions had not opened a way for it?

There are thus swords which are historical. Who would not like now to look upon that which Alexander wore when he cut the Gordian knot, or Cæsar drew when he crossed the Rubicon? The Punic sword of Hamilcar or of Hannibal would be of as much interest now, if we could but grasp it, as the pen of the mightiest writer. In modern times no sword surpasses in historical interest that of Napoleon. From the time it first blazed with genius at Toulon, till its light flickered and went out at Waterloo, it was a brand of living flame.

In the collection of arms at Windsor Castle, there is preserved with scrupulous care this interesting relic of the Emperor. “The hilt and guard of the sword are of or-molu, beautifully chased, the style of ornamentation being in the classic taste which arose after the first Revolution: the head of Medusa, the thunderbolts of Jupiter, figures of Neptune, &c., being amongst the enrichments. The blade is engraved for a short way below the hilt, and gilded, and a small shield-shaped part is blue. The scabbard is of black leather, the chape, &c., being of or-molu.” A sword of similar character to this was taken at Waterloo, and is now in the possession of the descendants of the Duke of Wellington.

A SINGULAR LAWSUIT TO RECOVER AN IMMENSE ESTATE, THE INCOME OF WHICH WAS PLEDGED FOR FOUR HUNDRED YEARS, FROM 1455.

ACCORDING to the *Journal de l'Aisne*, which prefaces its recital by declaring that the statement it is about to lay before its readers is “neither a story nor a romance, but a true history of a family of that part of the country,” the civil tribunals of that region will soon be called upon to decide a most curious claim to a great inheritance—a claim without a precedent in history.

The claimants are members of a family which has been living for many generations by manual labor, though preserving intact the tradition of happier days, and the genealogical tree, which, it is said, demonstrates beyond a doubt the validity of their claims. These claims, if allowed, will strip of its entire fortune one of the richest and most illustrious families of France, as will become apparent from the following statement of the case.

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century, Don Magris-Engleber, Count of Logrono, of Burgos, and of Balty, Lord of Molina, entered into the service of France, and fought in the Low Countries during the great revolts of the Flemish cities against Philippe the Good, Duke of Burgundy. At the battle of Bouvines, the Count of Logrono commanded the army of the renowned Bishop of Liege, Louis de Bourbon. The Flemings were defeated, and the Count of Logrono being made prisoner fell into the hands of the Duke of Burgundy, who held him captive in the fortress of Poil-de-Vache.

In those semi-barbarous times it was the custom of conquerors to put to death all prisoners who could not pay a heavy ransom

for their liberation; but the Count of Logrono was very rich, and he was speedily liberated from his captivity on the following terms: He made over to the Duke of Burgundy the usufruct of the greater portion of his property, which the duke and his heirs were to enjoy during the lapse of 400 years, which period was to begin on the 30th of July, 1455, and to end with the harvest of 1855, “after the carrying of the harvest,” i. e. three months after the 31st of July, 1855, this property was to be integrally restored to the heirs of the Count of Logrono.

This singular contract was sealed with the great seal of France, and with that of the Bishop of Liege. The Count of Logrono had only one son; but this son was the father of a numerous family, and the genealogical records of the race have preserved the names of a series of descendants who were born in Spain—at Logrona, Segovia, Madrid and Bilbao—down to the middle of the sixteenth century. In 1594, a Logrono was born at Nimeguen, and another at Nechin in the Low Countries, in 1629. The first of the line who seems to have settled in France was a Michael Logrono, born at Mont-Saint-Hubert, 1654. He Gallicised his name, and called himself Le Grain: he was the son of the Logrono just mentioned as having been born at Nechin.

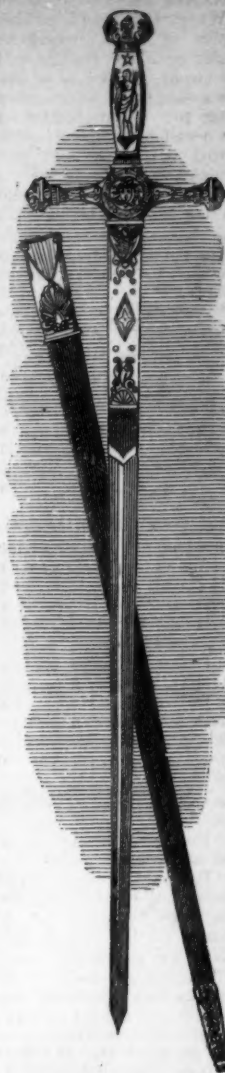
Of the circumstances that led Michael Logrono, or Le Grain, to establish himself at Chevregny, near Laon, little is now known; but it is certain that he there became the father of two sons, of whom one died childless, and the other, Pierre Robert Le Grain, born at Chevregny, the 9th of February, 1698, married and settled at Martigny, becoming the father of two children, from whom a numerous progeny trace their descent, all of whom still inhabit that neighborhood, with the exception of three of the daughters, married to citizens of Laon. But what, meantime, had become of the estates, the usufruct of which had been made over to the Duke of Burgundy and his descendants for the space of four hundred years by Count Magris-Engleber Logrono? It is stated that the conditions of the contract of ransom have been strictly and legally executed by the heirs of Duke Philippe. Of the numerous domains of which they have enjoyed the revenues, not the smallest portion has been sold during this long lapse of time. Many inevitable changes have taken place in the tenure of these estates; but every time that their temporary ownership has changed hands, the origin and nature of this property, and the conditions of its tenure, have been carefully specified, and their reversion to the descendants of the prisoner of Bouvines at the prescribed epoch duly insisted upon.

Nor have the Logronos, or Le Grains, themselves neglected to watch over the fortunes of their future property.

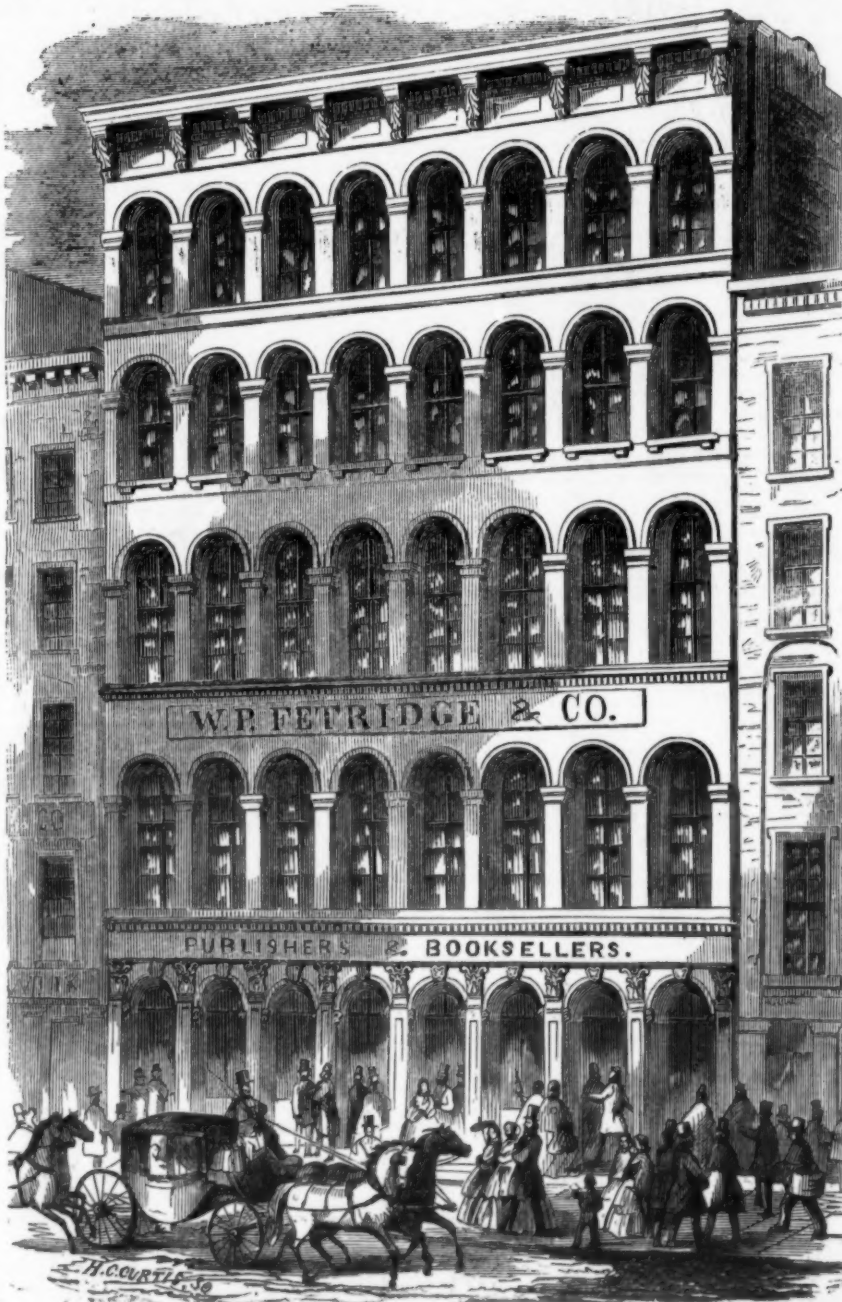
Thus, during the Revolution, the S— family, by whom the estates in question were then held, having emigrated, these estates were included in the sequestration pronounced against the property of that family. But the citizen D. G. Le Grain, representative of the people for the department of the Sambre-et-Meuse, and member of the High Court, protested against this seizure, and showed the illegality of treating as the property of an emigrant estates of which that emigrant enjoyed only the usufruct, and which would soon be claimed by the family to whom they really belonged, and who had no difficulties of any kind to settle with the Republic. The protest of the Citizen Le Grain was successful, and a verdict was given in his favor. A decree of the Minister of Justice, sanctioned by the Councils of the 24th Thermidor, An VI. (11th August, 1796), raised the sequestration laid upon the estates in question, and which, not being sold, were restored at a subsequent period to the S— family, who hold them at the present day. It appears that in 1855 a notice was published in various journals calling on the descendants of Count Logrono to come forward and prove their rights. More than three hundred persons, it is said, are preparing to answer this appeal, and to make good their claims to the inheritance of their forefathers. Some of these claimants inhabit France, others are still settled in the Netherlands. The estates in question, including large tracts of meadows, fields and woods, with great numbers of buildings of all kinds, chateaux, parks, &c., are estimated at not less than forty millions of francs.

The S— family, descendants of Philippe of Burgundy, having lost in the Revolution, as mentioned above, all their other property, would be reduced from their present brilliant position to utter destitution, should the validity of the claims of the Logronos be established. They are understood to have offered to the latter the sum of twenty millions of francs in lieu of the reversion demanded. But the heirs of the Spanish grandees are so confident of the validity of their claim, that there appears to be very little probability of their accepting any compromise.

ONE of the strongest rebukes upon the meanness of human nature ever conceived was in the picture of the rich man refusing his poor neighbor the crumbs, while the dog took pity on him and licked his sores.



NAPOLEON'S SWORD.



NAPIER AND THE JUGGLER.
—We give an anecdote illustrative of the unparalleled dexterity of the Indians with the sword, as well as of Napier's simplicity of character. After the Indian battles, on one occasion, a famous juggler visited the camp, and performed his feats before the general, his family, and staff. Among his performances, this man cut in two, with a stroke of the sword, a lime or lemon placed in the hand of the assistant.

Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his assistant. To divide, by a sweep of the sword, on a man's hand, so small an object without touching the flesh, he believed to be impossible, though a similar incident is related by Scott, in his romance of the "Talisman."

To determine the point, the general offered his own hand for the experiment, and he held out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial.

"I thought I would find you out!" exclaimed Napier.

"But stop," said the other, "let me see your left hand."

The left hand was submitted, and the man then said, firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady, I will perform the feat."

"But why the left hand, and not the right?"

"Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less."

Napier was startled.

"I got frightened," he said; "I saw it was an actual feat of swordsmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and set out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and, with a swift stroke, cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand, as if a cold thread had been drawn across it; and so much," he added, "for the swordsmen of India, whom our fine fellows defeated at Mecanee."

This anecdote is certainly a proof of the sincerity of an honest mind, ready to acknowledge error, and of bravery and calmness in expiating that error.

THRILLING INCIDENTS FOUNDED ON FACT.

No. 2.—EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF RESUSCITATION.

If the incident I am about to relate was not well authenticated, I should not have presumed to put it upon paper, for so closely does it border upon the marvellous, that credulity must be somewhat drawn upon to realize its actual occurrence; nevertheless, it has been handed down from one generation to another, with much exactness and with such a close connection of details, as to render its truthfulness almost a certainty.

In the year 1727, there lived in the city of Edinburgh one Margaret Dickson. She was the wife of a respectable tradesman, and is described as having possessed beauty and accomplishments of no mean order. In her early youth she had loved and been beloved by a young man of her native hamlet, James Fitzpatrick, by name; but in those days the wishes of the daughter were not often consulted. When the well-to-do tradesman from the great city solicited her hand from her father, she was forced to abandon her heart's first idol and follow one she could never love or call by the name of husband—a being who would ever be abhorrent to her better nature.

Poor Margaret strove courageously to overcome the aversion she felt for the husband of her father's choice and to forget the handsome youth whose bride she had once so fondly hoped to become, and when, at length, a child was born to her, she redoubled her exertions; but strive as she would, her gentle nature could not be taught to suit itself to the caprices of a hard, unsympathizing mate.

It was not more than a year after the birth of her infant, that her husband, Alexander Dickson, discovered, by some unlucky accident, her previous attachment to Fitzpatrick. His disposition, never too amiable, and lately rendered doubly morose by the evident want of affection on the part of his wife, was, by this new development, hardened into iron, and, henceforth, he treated Margaret more like a slave than a helpmate for him, and her trials were almost more than she could bear. Still, on her child's account, she kept bravely up and bore all with a patient spirit. But one day the cherished infant took sick and died, and to her horror and amazement, the physician called in declared it to be his firm conviction that its death had been caused by poison. A post mortem examination was the consequence, which revealed unmistakable traces of arsenic. This alone was enough to drive the poor mother distracted. Judge then her agony when she found herself accused by her own husband of being the murderer of her child.

Strange things came to light soon. Neighbors had always distrusted her, and when the trial came on circumstantial evidence of the most convincing kind was produced against her. One remembered having heard her say that it would be better had her infant never been born; another had a distinct recollection of having heard her wish that both she and her baby were at rest in the grave; but the most damning evidence, and that on which she was unhesitatingly convicted, was the fact proven by a city druggist and his clerk, that she had purchased arsenic the very day the murder took place. It was in vain she protested that it was by her husband's direction she bought the fatal drug, and that she had given it immediately into his hands; he indignantly denied the assertion, and poor Margaret was condemned by the tribunal to be hanged.

At length the time appointed for the execution drew nigh. Margaret was lying on her couch in the condemned cell, eagerly awaiting the dawn of that day the close of which would see her transported from the cares and sufferings of this, to her, weary world, when the grating of the key in the lock and the clanging of chains told her that her solitude was to be interrupted.

She raised her head as the heavy portal swung open, and how



EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF RESUSCITATION.

supreme was her delight to find herself in a moment clasped to the bosom of Fitzpatrick. He had heard of her fearful doom, and hastened to assure how naught on earth could ever alter his undying love, or convince him that her soft white hand was stained with human blood.

They sat together for some time talking of "the dear dead past," and in the process of their conversation heard distinctly from the prison yard the strike of hammers erecting the scaffold for the morrow's execution; and the workmen were singing snatches of merry songs or whistling at their task.

James's blood ran cold with horror, and his hand trembled, but Margaret reassured him by her calm, firm manner, and told him how glad she was to go, and how happy they would yet be together when they should meet in that bright home beyond the stars.

They were not left much longer together, for the jailer opening the door warned him that it was time to depart, so they bid each other an eternal farewell on this earth, and once more the wretched prisoner was alone. For a while her mind was very busy tracing back the events of her life to her earliest childhood, but towards midnight she fell into a deep slumber, and her dreams must have been sweet and cheering, for when the sheriff entered the cell at the first gray dawn of morning to awaken her, a smile was upon her lips. He touched her and she awoke. It was a moment or two before she comprehended fully what was awaiting her, but as soon as she did so she simply requested a few moments to arrange her toilet, and then she would be prepared to follow him.

This being granted, she dressed herself as neatly as possible, and after announcing her readiness, walked with the sheriff and jailer with a firm step towards the scaffold.

As she mounted the platform, which was covered with sable hangings, the gates of the prison yard were thrown open, and immediately a dense mass of men, women, and children rushed pell-mell into the enclosure, shouting, swearing and heaping imprecations on her head. But those shouts and imprecations were speedily hushed when the object of them appeared full in sight before them. The sun was just rising, and its rays tinged her bright locks, and though her countenance was careworn and haggard, but nevertheless there rested upon it such an expression of resignation, hope, and almost happiness, that, involuntarily, every lip was hushed and breathless, and listened to hear what she would say.

In a few calm words she protested her innocence of the crime for which she was about to die, expressing at the same time her hearty forgiveness of all those who had injured her; then, after a few moment's prayer, she yielded herself up to the executioner. I shall not dwell upon her death struggles, suffice it to say that the fatal noose was adjusted, the white cap drawn down over her beautiful head, her hands and feet firmly bound, the signal was given, and amid a fearful silence the quivering form swung out in the air. The supposed criminal was punished, justice had her due.

After the body had been suspended the time required by law it was taken down, being claimed by the husband as nearest of kin, and by his orders placed in a coffin to be conveyed, as he said, to her native hamlet for burial. But such was not the actual intention of Dickson; on the contrary, he had determined that his wretched wife should never have performed over her body the rights of Christian burial. The empty coffin might be lowered amid prayers into the grave, but this monster of iniquity, for whom no crime was too heinous, had actually bartered away his dead wife for gold, and bargained to deliver her over at midnight to two physicians, who were to meet him at a small wayside tavern, not far from the city, for the purpose of receiving the corpse, at the hour of midnight. It was arranged that they were to convey the body at once back to Edinburgh, while in the morning the husband should proceed on his way with the empty coffin.

Accompanied by two friends, who were leagued with him in his vile scheme, Dickson set out with the corpse, and, arriving at the appointed place about nine o'clock, awaited the coming of the physicians.

The room they occupied was on the ground floor, the rafters were black with age and smoke, several gloomy-looking pictures hung around the gloomy walls, and the sorry tallow candle shed over all a flickering, unsteady light.

Dickson and his companions were seated at the table, endeavoring to keep up their flagging spirits by frequent potations of ale, the coffin containing the corpse was placed near them, even the bed had been unscrewed, everything was in readiness to consummate their unholy traffic except the presence of the physicians. Just as the clock struck midnight they arrived, two unprepossessing-looking men, and with them they brought every-

thing that was necessary to convey their burden secretly back to the city.

Dickson greeted them with undisguised delight, for he was anxious to bring the tragedy to a close, and once more they all seated themselves around the table to make the final arrangements. A storm had sprung up during the evening, and as they sat deliberating, the bright lightning gleamed in through the narrow casement, and the wind and thunder made the old house tremble.

"Listen," said Dickson, in a low frightened tone, suddenly pausing and dropping from his greedy fingers the gold pieces he was counting for the third time, in order to assure himself that the physicians had given the correct amount—"listen; did you hear anything strange?"

"No, no, nothing but the wind and rain," answered the elder of the two doctors, petulantly; "there, count your money, and don't make a fool of yourself."

Thus roughly reassured, Dickson once more applied himself to his task, but again paused, and this time with increased trepidation.

"I am certain I heard a sound, and it was neither wind nor rain," he muttered. "Listen all of you."

Every lip was hushed this time, even the tempest seemed to have momentarily lulled its fury: a silence like death pervaded the gloomy room, only broken by the mysterious

sound that had attracted the attention of the guilty Dickson, and that sound came from the coffin standing hard by. All eyes were bent in the direction indicated, and a cold perspiration oozed from every brow, for to their horror the lid commenced to move, and before they had time to exchange glances or draw a breath, the corpse was sitting bolt upright before them, clad in the habiliments of the grave, but with eyes wide open and glaring.

Then Dickson, in an agony of terror, fell down on his knees, crying aloud,

"Spare me! spare me! I confess all, only spare me! It was I that did it, I alone, guilty wretch that I am—I am the double murderer."

By this time the physicians at least had recovered from their consternation, and one of them, instantly producing a lancet, applied it to the arm of the supposed corpse, and in less than an hour thereafter she was sufficiently recovered to be put into bed, and such restoratives used as the case required.

All this time the wretched Dickson, fully convinced that the dead had arisen to condemn him, never stopped uttering his confession that he it was that had committed the murder purposely, to bring his wife to a public shame and death, and thereby satiate the revengeful feelings that he cherished on account of her love for another.

I have only to add to this strange recital of resuscitation after life was supposed to be utterly extinct, that Dickson was secured and carried back to Edinburgh, where he paid the penalty of his crimes on the very scaffold to which he had once brought his innocent and beautiful wife, and that his own body went to the dissecting-room of the very physicians to whom he had sold Margaret's, so that after all they were not disappointed of a subject; if they found any life in him when they took possession, it is very certain that none was left when they got through with him. As for Margaret, for many years she remained in quiet and seclusion; but at length she yielded to the earnest entreaties of her first lover, and lived happily with him for nearly thirty years after she was hanged. Other children, too, gathered around her board, and made her fireside happy, but she never forgot the dear one that first sank to rest, and for whose murder she had been condemned and executed.

THE GRAND MONARQUE AND THE LADIES.—Brissac (records the Duke of St. Simon), a few years before his retirement, served the Court ladies a nice turn. All through the winter they attended evening prayers on Thursdays and Sundays, because the King went there; and, under the pretence of reading their prayer-books, had little tapers before them, which cast a light on their faces, and enabled the King to recognise them as he passed. On the evening when they knew he could not go, scarcely one of them went. One evening, when the King was expected, all the ladies had arrived and were in their places, and the guards were at the door. Suddenly Brissac appeared in the King's palace, lifted his *baton* and cried aloud, "Guards of the King, withdraw, return to your quarters; the King is not coming this evening." The guards withdrew; but after they had proceeded a short distance, were stopped by brigadiers posted for the purpose, and told to return in a few minutes. What Brissac had said was a joke. The ladies at once began to murmur one to another. In a moment or two all the candles were put out, and the ladies, with but few exceptions, left the chapel. Soon after the King arrived, and, much astonished to see so few ladies present, asked how it was that nobody was there. At the conclusion of the prayer, Brissac related what he had done, not without dwelling on the piety of the Court ladies. The King and all who accompanied him laughed heartily. The story soon spread, and these ladies would have strangled Brissac if they had been able.

A DARING AND RECKLESS ASCENSION.—Professor Marion, the balloonist, made an ascension from the National Garden, Albany, a few days since. He had previously made three unsuccessful attempts to go up from that city. At five o'clock, the time advertised for the ascension, his balloon was only partially filled with gas, owing to the insufficiency of the volume through the pipes. Determined, if possible, to redeem his promise, he got into the car, threw out his ballast, and ascended to the branches of an adjacent tree, where his balloon was caught fast and torn somewhat, and he descended. The rip was at once sewed up, and a little more gas let in through the throttle, and the Professor, considerably excited, as he always is about the time of the ascension, expressed his determination to go up at all hazards. Cutting off the ropes which held his wicker car, he tied them in a single knot under his balloon, and climbing in among them, seated himself upon this knot, and in that manner went up, without either car or ballast, and with no means of regulating his ascent or guarding against a sudden descent. When he was about two hundred feet above the ground, the knot seemed to turn under him, and he lurched forward so far that his cap fell off. His death seemed inevitable, but clinging to the ropes, he recovered himself, and the ascent, so far as could be seen, passed off without accident. The balloon took a north-easterly course, and the Professor landed some two miles back of the Troy County House. Having no ballast to regulate his descent, he was pretty badly bruised.

THE HEART WHERE KINDNESS DWELLS.

There's beauty in the glorious sky
When morn her rosy hues displays;
And when at eve the western clouds
Reflect in gold the sun's last rays,
The star-bespangled heaven is fair:
But there's a beauty far excels
Night's brilliant gems or gorgeous clouds;
'Tis in the heart where kindness dwells.

A summer rose is fair to me
With pearly dew-drops glittering bright,
And beautiful the sweet spring flowers,
Blue violets and lilies white;
They lend rich fragrance to the morn;
Of innocence and joy it tells!
I love them well, but dearer far
I love the heart where kindness dwells!

I love the songs of summer-birds,
And murmurs low of rippling streams,
And fairy music which so oft
Comes softly stealing through my dreams!
But something bath a magic power
Surpassing music's sweetest spells;
'Tis the low voice whose gentle tones
Gush from the heart where kindness dwells.

THE WAY JEMMY SMART LOST AN ESTATE.

A YOUNG city gent, whom his familiar friends call Jemmy Smart, and whose ease of manner behind the counter, and whose skill in deciding troublesome customers to make their choice, have long been the admiration of the feminine world, lately received a letter from a Yorkshire attorney, informing him that something to his advantage had occurred, and enclosing a five pound note as a forfeit. It stated that his maternal relative, Robert Brown, whom he had never seen, but whom he had heard spoken of in the family as Uncle Bob, an old bachelor, much addicted to the grazing of cattle and the fattening of pigs, was lately deceased, and that the will divided the old gentleman's landed and personal property between himself and another nephew, a vigorous biped of lofty stature, belonging to the class of native domestic agricultural animals. Mr. James Smart was further counselled to ask his employer to grant him a temporary (so underlined) leave of absence, and to proceed forthwith by rail to York, previously announcing the hour of his proposed arrival to one Josiah Nixson, his late uncle's bailiff, now holding possession at The Thickets, till the rightful heir should come to claim his own. Josiah would meet him at the station with the gig.

Jemmy lost no time in obtaining the required permission, and in packing up his Sunday frock—his shirt-fronts of finest calico, his unimpeachable false collar, his jewel-box resplendent with mosaic gold and brilliant paste of purest ray serene. He was off, with the pole-star for his guide.

At the York station, he looked out in vain for Josiah Nixson, whom he pictured to himself as a tall funkey, with cane in hand, powdered hair, and long great coat with livery buttons. Nothing of the sort was there. He waited about impatiently for a quarter of an hour, till every one was gone, when he began to suspect himself the victim of a hoax; but after a few minutes' further suspense, there entered an aged and dusty countryman, disguised, as it were, in a linen smock-frock, such as north country graziers wear, and looking as if he also were in quest of somebody or something.

"Pray, sir, may I ask whether your name is Mr. James Smart?" he respectfully inquired of our hero, with a certain formal politeness.

"Yes, sir, it is; and I suppose I may ask you whether your name isn't Mr. Josiah Nixson?" retorted Jemmy sharply.

The old man bowed assent.

"Then, if I must tell you," continued James, "that it is a very bad beginning of our acquaintance that you presume to keep me waiting in this way. I have been kicking my heels here nearly half an hour."

The veteran bailiff looked vexed and puzzled, and an expression of deep disappointment came over his weather-beaten countenance. "I am very sorry, sir, that it has so happened; but it is a long drive from The Thickets to York. The weather is very sultry and close to-day, and poor old Neddy has had a hard job of it. As soon as he has finished his corn, we are at your service, sir."

"Very well, sir; say no more about it. I only just wish to give you a hint, that if you intend to remain in my service, you must be more punctual for the future."

During their drive to The Thickets, old Nixson was taciturn—sulky, perhaps—leaving Mr. Smart to indulge in monologues by the way.

"What horrid dusty roads! I wonder they don't water them. But that can hardly be expected in an out-of-the-way place like this. And this is Neddy? I'm not surprised now at your being behindhand, with a great, fat, ugly, lazy beast like that."

"But, sir," interposed Josiah, with some little warmth, "he was a great favorite with my poor dear master, who drove him for more than a dozen years. He said he hoped you would never part with Neddy."

"No; not part with him," replied James, with a cunning grin, "if that's a condition in the will; but I can lend him, you know, to a driving of mine who drives a London cab, and that will put a little life into him, if whipcord will do it."

Nixson winced as if a lash had struck his own shoulders. "There's The Thickets, sir, at last; and I hope you'll like it."

"That old, dismal, tumble-down looking place! Why, it's smothered up with trees; you can't look out of the windows for evergreens; and I'd bet a sovereign there's an owl in every chimney. But I'll soon alter that. I'll cut down three-fourths of those nasty trees."

"But, sir, master planted every one of those trees himself. He would have been sadly grieved had he known that was what they were to come to."

"Well, what business is that of yours? He's dead and gone; and it's my turn now. But tell them to let me have some dinner as soon as possible; I'm dying with hunger, and all because Neddy crawls at the rate of five miles an hour."

Mr. Smart was received by his uncle's housekeeper, an old-fashioned dame, in deep mourning, with snow-white hair, and an antiquity of a cap. Nixson explained the urgency of the young gentleman's appetite. He was accordingly shown into a spacious wainscoted dining-room, where a circular table was neatly laid for three. In a few minutes Josiah entered, immediately followed by a ruddy servant girl, bearing a substantial joint and smoking vegetables.

"All is ready, sir," said Nixson. "We had better not let the gravy get cold." And he and the housekeeper took their places before two of the vacant knives and forks, remaining standing till the heir should seat himself.

"Are you going to dine here without being asked?" inquired James. "It's an extraordinary liberty for servants to take."

"We always dined with master in the parlor," said the housekeeper, demurely, but briding up, "except on the days when he gave his grand dinners to the county gentry. We thought you would like to have things go on exactly as they did in the old gentleman's time. However, sir, if we are intruding, we'll retire."

"No, no," said James, condescendingly. "Never mind for this once. You may stop to-day. Besides, you may be able to give a little information about the place, and what it is worth. Yes; you can carve, Nixson. What a clumsy fellow! Not so thick as that, and not quite so much fat. I wonder whether the governor had any decent wine."

"This is a bottle of his very best port, which I brought up from the cellar on purpose to—welcome you with." And Nixson made a grimace which speedily passed away, and shot a rapid glance at the housekeeper opposite.

"Hem, ha!" said James, superciliously tasting it; "rather thin, I think. I could get better than this in town at half a crown a bottle."

"Would you like to look at the stock, sir, after dinner?" asked Josiah, evidently uncomfortable.

"What stock?" retorted James. "I never knew that Uncle Bob kept a fancy warehouse."

"Our cows, sir, and our pigs. We have some of the most beautiful Durhams that all Yorkshire can show; and our take prizes every year at the Midland Counties Exhibition."

"Nasty creatures!" was James's reply. "If I sell the place, the live creatures can go with it."

"Sell the place!" exclaimed the bailiff, turning red as scarlet. "Your poor uncle, sir, thought that you might like to marry, and settle comfortably here. And what is to become of us, sir, if we are to be turned out of house and home, where we have both of lived more than forty years, sir?"

"O, that's your look out," said James. "I had no idea of finding such a dull bore as this. And as to marrying, I'm not going to throw myself away just yet. If I swap this dusty old farm-house for a neat bachelor's villa residence in St. John's Wood, where I can keep my cab, my tiger, and something else, perhaps, that will be a little like life, old boy."

Uncle Bob's wine was stronger than Jemmy suspected. "Hang it," he continued, "if I don't go to York to-morrow morning, and ask the attorney if he can't manage it for me."

"Suppose you go this evening," blandly insinuated Josiah. "I think Neddy could do it, now he has had his corn, with a little extra whip;" and the old gentleman cunningly arched his eyebrows.

"By jingo, so we will!" cried James, greedily catching at the idea. "It will be capital fun to take down a little of that lazy brute's proud flesh. Let us be off at once."

"Said, so done. Foolish Neddy neighed at starting, as if he were bound for a rty of pleasure. The drive back to York much resembled the drive from it, except that Nixson seemed in better humor; the effect doubtless of the dinner and the wine. At last they reached the City of the Seven Sisters."

"Hallo! what are you about?" said James. "Where are you driving to?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Josiah; "but you are going to the railway station, and back to London as quick as possible. I'm Yorkshire, you know. You'll excuse my having played you a little trick. I'm Uncle Bob, and not Josiah Nixson; and as I'm not yet quite dead, I intend making a trifling alteration in my will, which will relieve you of the trouble of disposing of The Thickets. There's a ten pound note, sir, to pay your expenses to town and your loss of time; and I wish you every possible enjoyment of your bachelor residence in St. John's Wood, with your tiger and cab, and whatever other additions you may think fit to make to your establishment."

A TOUCHING (AND TOUCHED) CHARACTER.

SOME years ago the reading-room of the Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris, was frequented by a personage whose quaint costume could not fail to attract the notice of every visitor. Dressed from top to toe in a close-fitting garb of red, or blue, or yellow cloth, with the grand cordon of some unknown order of knighthood around his neck, and his hat adorned with artificial flowers, bright beads, and tinsel ornaments of every description, the strangely-accounted student would sit all day long in one particular place, with his head bent over his book, apparently wrapped in attention to the subject before him. He was a man past middle life, his hair and beard were gray, and his countenance, which had evidently once been handsome, bore traces of long and deep suffering, in the furrows with which it was plentifully seamed. The curiosity excited by the singularity of his dress could not fail to be increased by the ineffable sorrow expressed in his face; and if any one, interested by his appearance, inquired who he was, he probably obtained no other answer than this—"It is Carnevale."

Indeed, Carnevale's history was so well known to the habitués of the library, that they thought no further answer was necessary; but if the inquirer pursued his questions, he might have heard the following account of him:

Carnevale was an Italian, of a highly respectable family in Naples. He came to Paris about the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six, young, handsome, and well provided with money. With these advantages he had no difficulty in getting into society, and was received with open arms by his fellow-countrymen resident in the French capital. Suddenly, however, he disappeared; his friends lost sight of him; no one knew why or whether he had gone, until some time afterwards it was discovered that he had fallen passionately in love, and had sought solitude in order to enjoy undisturbed the sweet society of the mistress of his affections. But his happiness was of short duration; the lady died, and her death robbed poor Carnevale not only of all that was dearest to him on earth, but of his reason too.

When he had in some degree recovered from the first violence of the shock, he went daily to pray and weep at her tomb. The watchman at the cemetery noticed that, at every visit, he took a paper, folded in the shape of a letter, from his pocket, and placed it under the stone. This was communicated to Carnevale's friends, one of whom went to the grave, and found five letters hidden there: one for each day, since her burial. The last was to this effect, though it is impossible to render in a translation all the pathetic grace of the original Italian:

"DEAREST,—You do not answer my letters, and yet you know that I love you. Have you forgotten me amid the occupations of the other land? It would be unkind—very unkind—if you had. But now, for five days—five long days—I have waited for news of you. I cannot sleep, or if I close my eyes for an instant, it is to dream of you."

"Why did you not leave me your address? I would have sent you your clothes and trinkets. * * * But no! do not send them; for pity's sake, leave them with me. I have arranged them on chairs, and I fancy you are in the next room, and that you will soon come in and dress yourself. Besides these things, which you have worn, spread a perfume through my little room; and so I am happy when I come in."

"I wish I had your portrait, very well done, very much like you, so as to be able to compete with the other—for I have one already. It is in my eyes, and it can never change. Whether I shut my eyes, or open them, I see you always * * * Ah, my darling! how skillful is the great artist who has left me this portrait!"

"Farewell, dearest! Write to me to-morrow, or to-day, if you can. If you are very busy, I will not ask you for a page, or even for a line—only three words. Tell me only that you love me."

His friend, imagining that he was suffering from an illusive melancholy which every day would tend to decrease, requested the watchman to take away the letters as Carnevale brought them; but the result was not as he anticipated. On finding that his love did not send him any reply, Carnevale fell into a state of gloomy despair; after having written thirty letters, he ceased his visits to the cemetery.

It was about this time, as he walked along the boulevards, he saw a variety of bright colored clothes displayed in a draper's window. He smiled at seeing them, and entering the shop, purchased several yards of each sort of cloth. A week afterwards, he appeared in the streets in a complete suit of red; but, coat, waistcoat, trousers and shoes, all red, and of a fantastic cut. A crowd soon gathered around him, and he returned home with at least five hundred idlers at his heels. The next day, he came out in a yellow suit; the day after, in a suit of sky-blue; each day he was followed by a fresh crowd; but ere long the Parisians became familiar with the eccentricity of his attire, and none but strangers turned to gaze at him. It was noticed, however, that he varied his dress from day to day, not in any regular succession, but capriciously, and as if in accordance with his frame of mind.

During the Revolution of July, eighteen hundred and thirty, his strange costume nearly proved fatal to him. As he took no interest in passing events, never conversing with any one, and never reading a newspaper, he was perfectly unaware of what was occurring, and had no idea that Paris was in a state of revolution. On the twenty-eighth of July, as he was walking along the quays, he fell in with a band of insurgents from the faubourgs, who, not being familiar with his appearance and being misled by the cordon round his neck, took him for a foreign prince, and were going to throw him into the Seine. He was fortunately recognised by a cab-driver, who explained who he was, and obtained his liberation. It was with great difficulty that Carnevale was brought to understand that Paris was in uproar, and that his gay habiliments had brought him into peril of his life; but when, the next day, he once more put on black clothes, he relapsed into his former sadness. He felt his brain grow disturbed; he remembered with painful acuteness the death of his love; he was conscious that, day by day, his reason was abandoning him. As soon as he found this was the case, he betook himself, of his own accord, to the hospital at Bicêtre, and remained there for some time, under treatment. The physicians were amazed to hear a madman reason as calmly as he did about his condition.

"Send for my colored clothes," said he one day. His request was complied with, and as soon as he had put on his suit, he resumed his former gaiety.

"It was the black clothes," he said, "that made me ill. I cannot endure black. You are all very foolish to sacrifice to so ugly a fashion. You always look as if you were going to a funeral. For my part, when I am very joyful, I put on my red suit; it becomes me so well—and besides, my friends know what it means. When they see me in red, they say, 'Carnevale is in a very good humor to-day.'"

"When I am not in such good spirits, I put on my yellow suit; that looks very nice also. And when I am a little melancholy, and the sun does not shine very brightly, I put on my blue clothes."

When he left the hospital, finding that his fortune was somewhat diminished, Carnevale determined to give lessons in Italian. He soon obtained a number of pupils—for his story became known, and gained him many friends. His manner of teaching, too, was excellent; he never scolded his pupils, or gave them impositions. If they knew their lessons well, he would promise to come next time in his apple-green dress; but if he were dissatisfied with them, he would say,

"Ah! I shall be obliged to come to-morrow in my coffee colored suit."

Thus he rewarded and punished his pupils always, and he could easily do it, for he had more than sixty suits, each of one color throughout, all ticked and hung up, with the greatest care, in a room which he allowed no one to enter but himself.

His circle of acquaintance, towards the end of his life, became very large. His gentle manners and harmless eccentricities made him welcome everywhere. At the Neapolitan embassy he was a constant guest; and with the artists of the Italian Theatre he was a special favorite. Though not rich, his income more than sufficed his moderate wants, and he gave away a great deal in charity. No poor Italian ever applied to him in vain for assistance; many have owed success to his zealous recommendation of them to his influential friends. He delighted in being of service.

His habits were very simple. Every morning he rose at five o'clock from the leather arm-chair in which he slept; for he would not sleep in a bed. After a visit to the fish-market, to make purchases for his friends, he would return home and prepare with his own hands a dish of potatoes for his breakfast. His day was spent with his pupils or at the library, and ended with a walk on the Boulevards. In walking, if he met any one he knew, he would take his arm and enter into a long conversation about Italy, music, or some other favorite topic; and he would fancy that the person whom he had thus casually encountered was Bellini, Napoleon, Malibran, or some equally illustrious deceased. This hallucination was a source of great pleasure to him; it was in vain to tell him that Napoleon, Malibran, and Bellini were dead. "They are dead to you, I admit," he would answer, "but not to me. I am endowed with senses that you do not possess. I assure you they are not dead; they love me, and frequent my company."

Poor Carnevale! May the sun shine brightly on his grave.

MR. FINNEFROCK was addressing the Democracy of Fremont, Ohio, and taxing his invention to the utmost in outrageous charges against the Black Republicans, when he paused suddenly, and said, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and with one eye partly closed, modestly, with Scotch brogue, said, "Mr. Finnefrock, I think, sir; I do indeed, sir; I think that if you and I would stomp the county together, we could tell more lies than any other two men in the county, sir, and I'd not say a word myself all the time, sir!"

The sedan-chair was first brought into England, from Spain, by Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I., who, as everybody will remember, went to Madrid for a Spanish wife, whom eventually he did not obtain. On his departure, Olivares, the prime minister and favorite of Philip IV., gave the prince a few Italian pictures, some valuable pieces of furniture, and three sedan-chairs of curious workmanship. On his return to England, Charles gave two of these sedan-chairs to his favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, who raised a great clamor against himself by using them in London. The popular cry was, that the Duke was thus reducing free-born Englishmen and Christians to the office and condition of beasts of burden.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

* * * ANSWERS are unavoidably crowded out this week.

THE CHESS CONGRESS.

The late interesting gathering of Chess players of this Union has now formed itself into a permanent body, henceforth designated the "National American Chess Association." A constitution has been adopted, and the following gentlemen were elected officers of the Association: President, Col. C. D. Mead, of N. Y.; Vice Presidents, Hon. A. B. Meek, of Ala., H. P. Montgomery, of Penn., George Hammond, of Boston, and James Morgan, of Ill.; Recording Secretary, Dr. Samuel Lewis, of Phila.; Corresponding Secretary, D. W. Fiske, of N. Y.; Treasurer, James Thompson, of N. Y. The committee on revision of the Chess Code is represented by the following talented gentlemen: Prof. George Allen, of Philadelphia; Prof. H. Vetheke, of Philadelphia; Paul Morphy, of New Orleans; Dr. B. J. Raphael, of N. Y.; and Prof. H. R. Arnel, of West Point. The next meeting of the Association will, perhaps, be held in Philadelphia two years hence.

THE GRAND TOURNAMENT.

We here present to our readers the result of the play in the

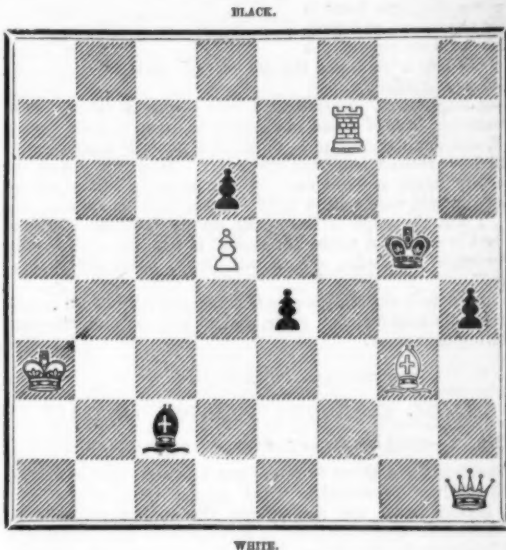
THIRD SECTION.	
Paul Morphy.....	5 T. Lichtenhein.....0
Drawn 1.	
L. Paulsen.....	3 Dr. B. J. Raphael.....0
Drawn 1.	
FOURTH SECTION.	
Paul Morphy.....	5 L. Paulsen.....1
Drawn 2.	
T. Lichtenhein.....	3 Dr. Raphael.....0
It will be noticed that these four above-named gentlemen are prize-bearers. The winning of the first five games decides the contest for the first prize.	
Paul Morphy.....	1st prize.
L. Paulsen.....	2d do
T. Lichtenhein.....	3d do
Dr. B. J. Raphael.....	4th do

THE MINOR TOURNAMENT.

The four players here named are the prize-bearers in this Tournament:

THIRD SECTION.	
Mr. M. Mantin.....	0 Mr. M. Solomons.....3
Lt. Seebach.....	1 Mr. W. Horner.....3
FOURTH SECTION.	
Messrs. Solomons and Horner are now contesting for the first prize. The second prize, of course, will be adjudged to the loser in this match. The result of the play for the third and fourth prizes stands thus:	
Lt. Seebach.....	3d prize.
Mr. M. Mantin.....	4th do

PROBLEM CL.—By CAPRAZ (From *Be's Life*).—White to play and mate in three moves.



GAME CL.—(THE TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE).—Played at the New York Chess Club, between PAUL MORPHY, the strongest player in America, and C. H. STANLEY, Esq.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. S.	Mr. M.	Mr. S.	Mr. M.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	15 B tks P	K to Kt 2
2 Kt to KB 3	Q Kt to B 3	16 Q to KB 3	R to R sq
3 B to Q 4	K Kt to B 3 (a)	17 Q to K Kt 3 (ch)	K to B
4 P to Q 3	B to Q 4 (b)	18 Q to K Kt 5	K Kt to Q 2
5 P to Q 3	P to Q 3	19 B tks B	P tks B
6 P to K R 3	P to K R 3	20 Q tks Q	K tks Q
7 B to K Kt 5	K B to Q Kt 3	21 Kt to K B 3	K to Kt 2
8 Q Kt to Q 2	Q B to K 3	22 P to K Kt 4	K Kt to K B
9 Castles	P to K R 3	23 K to Kt 2	K Kt to Kt 3
10 B to K R 4	K to R	24 B to Kt 5 (d)	Q Kt to K B 2
11 K Kt to R 2	P to K Kt 4 (c)	25 P to K R 4	K tks B
12 B to K Kt 3	P to K R 4	26 P tks B	Kt to K B 6 (ch)
13 K Kt to B 3	P to K R 5	27 K to Kt 3 (e)	R mates.
14 Kt tks R P	P tks Kt		

NOTES TO GAME CL.

(a) This constitutes the Two Knights' Defence, one that Mr. Morphy thoroughly understands; in fact, he plays all debuts with a solidity and brilliancy that we have never seen equalled. This game is by no means a fair specimen of either gentleman's skill, for it is due to both to mention that the above was played rapidly and without much consideration.

(b) The usual play is Kt to K Kt 5 instead; the opening is continued as follows:

WHITE.	BLACK.
4 Kt to K Kt 5	P to Q 4
5 P tks P	Kt to Q R 4 (aa)
6 B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	B to Q 2 (bb)
7 Q to K 2	K B to Q 3
8 B tks B (ch)	Q tks B
9 P to Q B 4, with a pawn more and a better position.	

(aa) 5—

WHITE.	BLACK.
6 Kt tks K B P	Kt tks P
7 Q to K B 3 (ch)	K tks Kt
8 Q Kt to B 3	K to K 3
9 P to Q 4, Castling on the Q's side in two or three moves, with a winning game. See Lewis's Treatise on Chess, edition 1844, and the Chess Player's Handbook.	Q Kt to K 2

(bb) 6—

WHITE.	BLACK.
7 P tks P	P to Q B 3
8 Q to K B 3 (best), with a superior position. Any other move in this last variation would leave white with an inferior game. At the sixth move of the first variation, Mr. Morphy plays P to Q 3 for White, a quiet and modest move, but rather a telling one.	P tks P

(c) The opening from this point is now turned into the Giuoco Piano.

(d) Was not B to K Kt 3 the best play at this point?

(e) Had Mr. S. played K to Kt, Mr. M. would have advanced R to K R 6, followed with Q R to K R sq, having a winning position.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XLIX.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt from K B 2 tks P (ch)	K to K 4 dia. (ch)
2 Kt interposes	K tks either Kt
3 Q mates.	

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM L.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q tks Kt	B tks Q or (a)
2 R to K 6	K tks R
3 B to K Kt 2, and mates.	

(a) 1—

WHITE.	BLACK.
2 Kt to Q R 5	R to Q
3 Q or R mates.	Anything

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H street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, and will open

to the public on the 5th day of December next. An Address on the

occasion will be delivered by the Hon. J. R. Tyson, of Pennsylvania.

The Gallery will be ready for the reception of Pictures on the 20th

of November, and works for Exhibition will be received until the

10th of December.

The Exhibition will continue for three months, during which time

no work can be removed.

The expenses of transportation both ways will be borne by the

Association, upon such works as may be forwarded by its own

agents, or by artists to whom circulars may be addressed.

Every possible care will be taken of works loaned for exhibition;

and for any loss or injury which they may sustain while on exhibition

the Association will hold itself responsible.

It is particularly desirable that a brief description of the works in-

tended for exhibition should be sent to the Corresponding Secretary

before the 10th of December; and a card, bearing the title, name, and

residence of the artist, the possessor's name, and the price, if for

sale, should be attached to each contribution.

In case of the sale of any work of art deposited in the Gallery, a

commission of ten per cent. will be charged by the Association. By

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Washington, D. C., Oct. 15, 1887.

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VERY LOW PRICED CLOTHING

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ply hitherto attained has prevented it being placed in a cheap form

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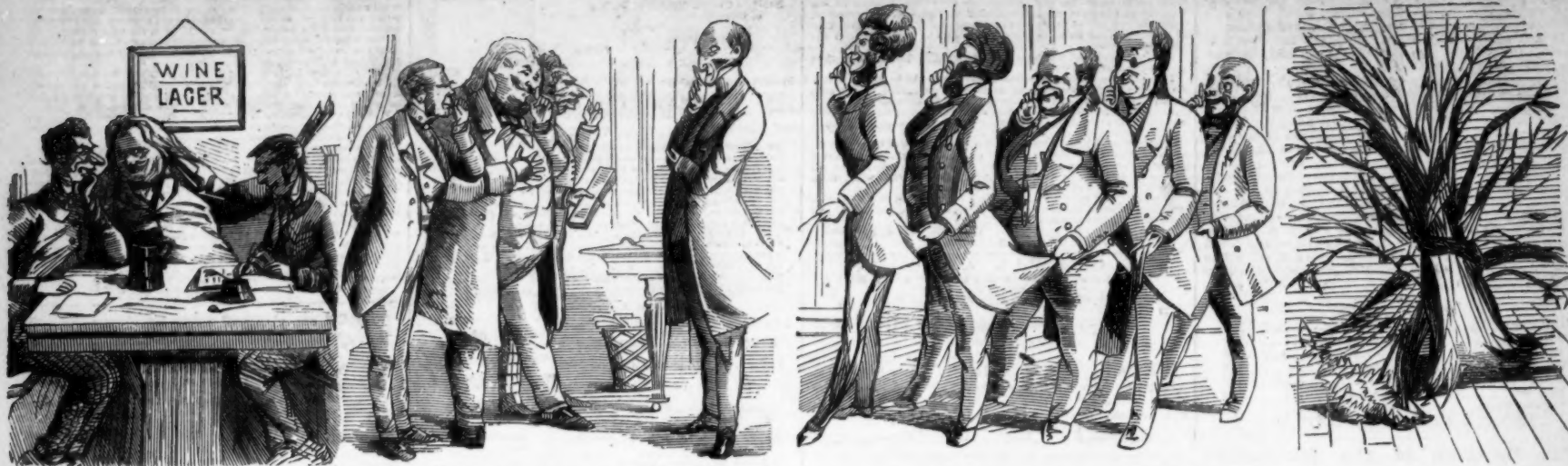
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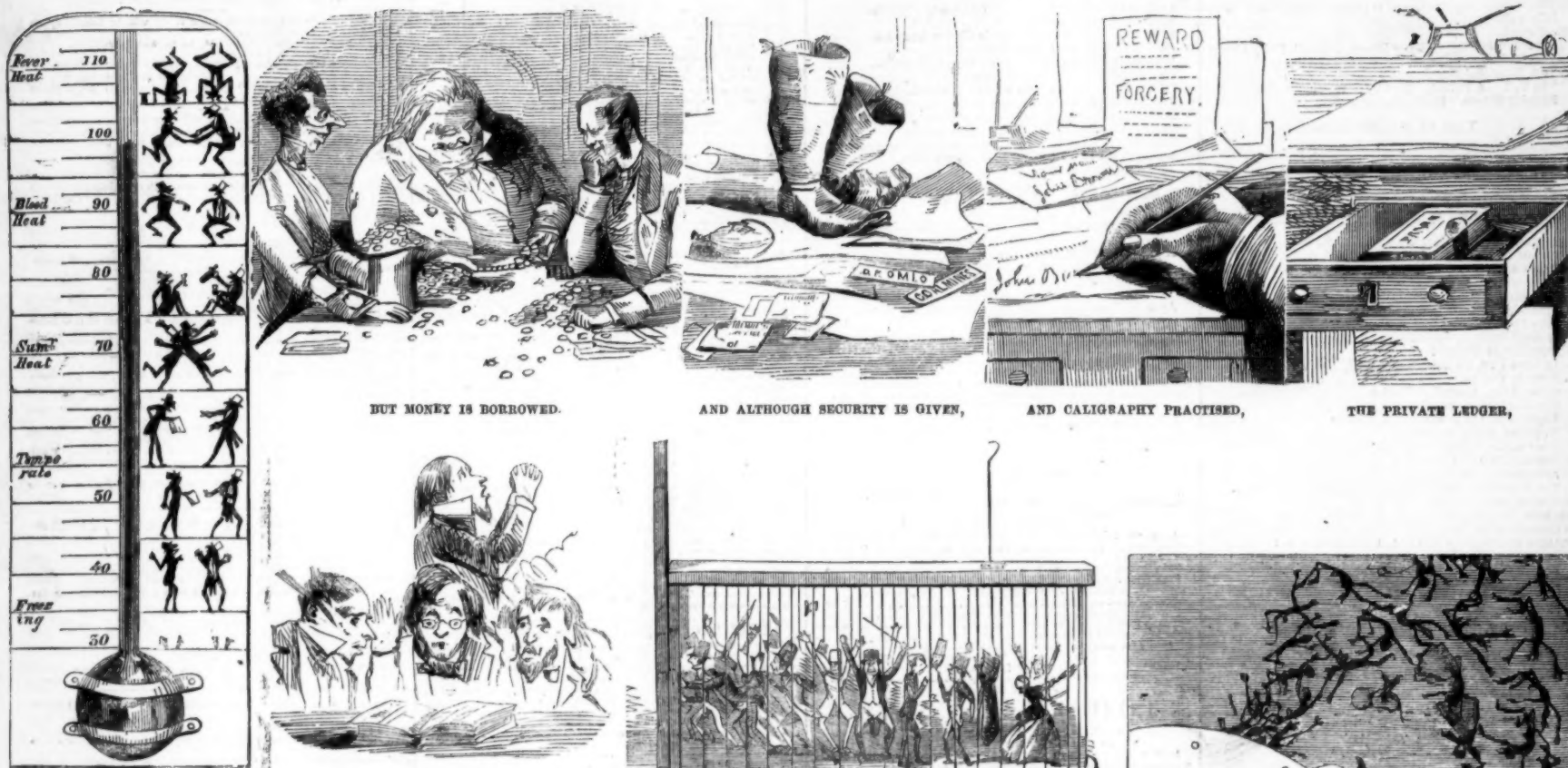
MEN OF STRAW.



THE OFFICE IS OPENED.

THE ADVANTAGES ARE PUBLICLY WEIGHED.

STOCKHOLDERS COME IN.



BUT MONEY IS BORROWED.

AND ALTHOUGH SECURITY IS GIVEN,

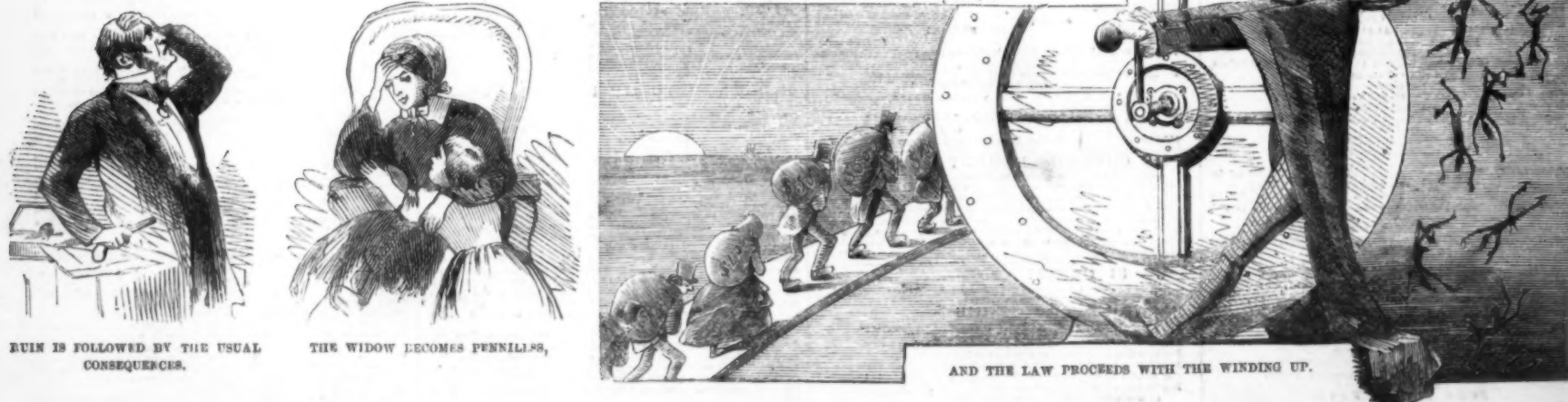
AND CALIGRAPHY PRACTISED,

THE PRIVATE LEDGER,

AND SHARES GO UP.

(BEING AT LAST INSPECTED,

THE OFFICE IS SHUT.



RUIN IS FOLLOWED BY THE USUAL CONSEQUENCES.

THE WIDOW BECOMES PENNILESS,

AND THE LAW PROCEEDS WITH THE WINDING UP.